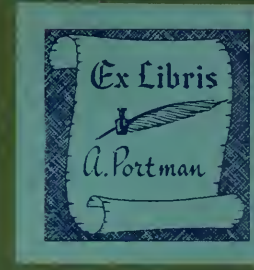
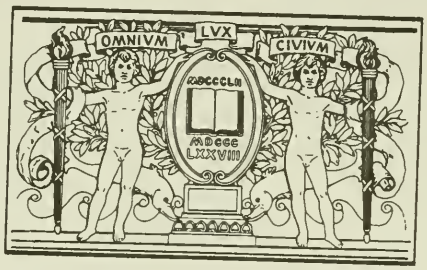
Woodbury Kidder Dana

A
Biographical
Sketch





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Woodbury Kidder Dana

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A Biographical Sketch

BY

Frank H. Swan

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by
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These pages are inscribed
to the memory
of
WOODBURY DANA SWAN

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PREFACE

THIS book has been written with a very definite object in view. Most people have a praiseworthy desire to know somewhat of their lineage, the attainments of their immediate ancestors, and the characteristics of their family. Pride in one's family history, if coupled with a determination to give one's descendants reason in turn to be proud of their ancestors, is most commendable. Children display at an early age an active and intelligent interest in biography, and, as they come to know of the achievements for which public men of the past are now honored, they begin to inquire particularly concerning their own parents, grandparents, and relatives.

It has always seemed to me unfortunate that the questions of childhood must so often be unanswered or answered incorrectly, peculiarly so when these questions relate to the genealogy of the family. When a child begins to evince an interest in the family tree, he is confronted by a very maze of cousins, uncles, nieces, and in-laws, and he is apt to become discouraged in his attempt to unravel the tangle.

Prompted by the desire to answer the questions so frequently asked by the Dana grandchildren regarding their ancestors, I undertook the preparation of this volume. It is offered not as a genealogy, nor as a biography, for its field is much more limited. It is but a sketch, and written expressly for these grandchildren, with the hope that in its pages may be found some interesting facts which otherwise might not come to their attention. Nor do I hesitate to express the hope that their lives may be enriched, their aspirations quickened, by the more intimate knowledge of

the character and works of their grandfather which these pages should give them.

The requirements of business have prevented as thorough research as I could wish to make for this work; my preparatory reading and the actual writing have been necessarily confined to my spare evenings over a year's period. I have had to content myself on certain points in my story with reference to books which are available to those of the family who care to pursue the subject further. In most of the genealogical sketches prepared for general sale, I have found glaring errors relating to dates and facts. Belief, or a general understanding of some member of the family, becomes at the hand of the compiler in his metropolitan office an established fact, and, when properly embellished according to his taste, is duly recorded in cold type. Later writers, impressed with the substantial binding and steel engravings of the first work, freely adopt the recorded text as gospel and proceed to spread it as such, after impressing their own individuality on the form of the story. I have endeavored to substantiate material statements and facts set forth in this volume, and have given in the appendix references to the source of my information, to the end that credit for careful statement and criticism for slothful work may both be properly assigned.

I apprehend that some of my readers will be disappointed not to find within a liberal sprinkling of those delightful anecdotes, or stories, for which the subject of this sketch is famous. Let the critic attempt to reproduce in type a few of these anecdotes, and he will readily perceive that the omission is justified by necessity. Many of his stories are acted as well as spoken, and all lose in being told by another.

Providence,
November, 1917.

ANCESTRY

FROM the time the King chartered the "Governor & Company of the Massachusetts Bay in New England," this colony prospered. Its numbers comprised diplomats, members of Parliament, and able and broad-minded clergymen. Its affairs were capably managed, and its growth was more rapid and healthy than that of the older Plymouth Colony. When the seat of government for the Massachusetts Company was transferred to America and the noble and tactful John Winthrop and his stern deputy, Thomas Dudley, assumed direction of affairs, such an impetus was given to the project that within a year one thousand determined men and women cast in their lot with these Puritans. Salem could no longer accommodate the throng, and independent congregations settled at Charlestown, Boston, Newtown, Roxbury, Watertown, and Dorchester.

As early as 1631, frontier fortifications were ordered built in Newtown, the cost being defrayed by a tax on the settlements. Three years later, the Massachusetts Company had grown to four thousand people, and some twenty villages were scattered about the shores of the bay. The first rude shelters had given way to permanent houses of some pretentions; the forest trails had become passable roads; farms were producing valuable crops; and several thousand goats, cattle, and hogs told of increasing prosperity. Salt fish, furs, and lumber were sent to England in exchange for manufactured articles so much needed in the growing colony.

In 1636, the General Court appropriated four hundred pounds to establish a college at Newtown. Two years later John Harvard bequeathed to the college his library and some eight hundred pounds, a munificent sum under the circumstances. Thereupon, the General Court christened the new institution "Harvard College," and the name of the town was changed to Cambridge.

To Cambridge, in 1640, came Richard Dana from England. From him, every person by the name of Dana in the United States, if entitled to the name by right of birth, is said to trace his lineage. It is usually stated that Richard Dana's father was a native of France who went to England about 1629 because of religious persecution. While this fact does not appear to be fully established, it is quite commonly accepted by the family biographers and is sustained by family tradition. Some of his descendants, however, contend that Richard Dana was of Italian descent, and several biographers, in discussing the lineage of their subjects, adopt this theory as plausible. Thus Wilson, in his *Life of Charles A. Dana*, the forceful Assistant Secretary of War, and the renowned editor of the *Tribune* and the *Sun*, speaks of the Dana family as being "of absolutely pure New England blood," "with the exception of the attenuated stream from the Italian forbears of the first settler." Charles A. Dana was seventh in the male line from this Richard Dana. Again, Dr. Daniel C. Gilman, President of Johns Hopkins University, in his admirable *Life of Professor James Dwight Dana*, discusses at some length the theory of the Italian origin of Richard Dana, pointing out that James Dwight Dana held this view. Dr. Gilman, however, gives place in his book to the views of those who contend that their colonial ancestor, Richard, was of French origin, and publishes a letter from Miss Elizabeth E. Dana of Cambridge in which she states evidence satisfactory

to her of the French lineage. It is, perhaps, conservative to adopt Dr. Gilman's view, that "The origin of the family, whether Italian or French, is still open to investigation."

For half a century, Richard Dana lived in Cambridge. His large estate was in what is now Brighton. Here he married and raised his family; here he played his part in the founding of the New World. Before beginning to follow his descendants, then, let us look at the Cambridge Richard Dana knew, and watch him as he goes about his daily affairs.

The meeting-house was the most important building in town. Considering the fact that Governor John Winthrop, his deputy, Thomas Dudley, and many of their followers had recently selected Cambridge as their home, it was natural that the meeting-house of the town should outshine in splendor the meeting-house of Boston. And such was plainly the fact. When compared with the mud walls and thatched roof of the Boston edifice, the hewn frame and roof of slate or boards of the Cambridge house, erected in 1636, no doubt seemed dignified and grand to our ancestors. Within, the side walls were smeared with mud, owing to the difficulty of securing lime. A plain plank desk served for altar, with seats before it for deacons and elders; while rows of benches beyond served to seat the men on one side and the women on the other, all in order of their rank, or in accordance with the sum they contributed to the church.[1]

Here, on week-days, the townsfolk met to transact the secular affairs of the community; and here, on Sunday, they assembled with their pastor to worship God. No fire ministered to the comfort of the congregation. "Through autumn rains, and winter frosts and snows, and fierce northwesters, the poorly-built meeting-house stood unheated, growing more damp, more icy, more deadly, with each succeeding week. Women cowered, shivering, half frozen, over the feeble heat

of a metal foot-stove as the long sermon dragged on and the few coals became ashes. Men stamped their feet and swung their arms in the vain attempt to warm the blood. Gladly and eagerly did all troop from the gloomy meeting-house to the cheerful tavern to thaw out before the afternoon service, and to warm up before the ride or walk home in the late afternoon." [2]

Gentle Thomas Shepard, graduate of Emanuel College in old Cambridge, was minister of this parish for twelve years from 1635. It was because of his standing and influence that Newtown had been selected by the General Court as the location for Harvard, and it was in honor of Shepard's old college home across the sea that the name of Newtown was changed to Cambridge.[3]

Fiske points out that in the beginnings of Cambridge we have clear traces of the ancient English method of forming a town, with its threefold partition into town mark, arable mark, and common. The houses of the town were better built and more pretentious than those in most of the other towns, and, even when Richard Dana arrived, laws prevented roofs of any material other than slate or boards. The streets were already becoming something more than passable; a printery had been established in 1639; and, all in all, Cambridge was in comparison with other towns a pleasant dwelling-place. Harvard's building had been erected or begun two years before Richard Dana landed in Cambridge, and he was seemingly interested in its progress, since among its many patrons he is mentioned as having contributed "cotton cloth worth nine shillings." [4] Doubtless many times he looked up at the oiled-paper windows of the college-building as he passed it on his walks; but whether he stopped now and then on the grounds to hold converse with the students in the good old Latin tongue, which alone was permitted to be used about the college,[5] the chronicler recordeth not.

In 1661 he was elected Constable, and in 1665 he became Surveyor of Highways, and Tithing-man. He served as grand juror, and it is generally stated that he was Selectman of the town. The fact would seem to be that he was never elected to the office of Selectman as such, but that his election as constable required his attendance at the meetings of the Selectmen.[6] Constables ranked next in importance to the Selectmen, and were, indeed, recognized as a part of the Board. As the constable went forth to discharge his duties, he was required by law to carry as a badge of office a staff, "black and about some five foot or five and a half foot long, being tipped at ye upper end five or six inches with brass."[7]

As a tithing-man, Richard Dana had varied and trying duties. On week-days he had general oversight of the families allotted to his care; he saw to it that their mode of living was not extravagant in comparison with their contribution to the church. On Sunday he was omnipresent in the meeting-house, using his wand of office in a most practical way. This long staff was knobbed at one end for use on inattentive boys, while from the other end depended a fox-tail or hare's foot, which served to tickle the men and women who might doze during the sermon. And so it is that the tithing-man, to whom Mrs. Earle refers as "the most grotesque, the most extraordinary, the most highly-colored figure in all the dull New England church-life," has been defined as a "kind of Sunday constable, whose special duty it was, in the old parish meeting-house, to quiet the restlessness of youth and to disturb the slumbers of age."[8]

Eight years after taking up his home in Cambridge, Richard Dana, at the age of twenty-eight, married Ann Bullard of the same parish. He and his wife were members, in full communion, of the church. They had eleven children, all born in Cambridge.

Richard Dana died April 2, 1690, of injuries sustained by falling from a scaffold in his barn. His wife survived him twenty-one years, dying probably June 15, 1711. While we may desire to refer to the list of Richard's children to trace the lineage of some particular member of the Dana family, we are here concerned particularly with Jacob, the fourth child of Richard and Ann, and the first son to grow to man's estate. He was born December 2, 1654.[9] On the death of Richard, Jacob received in division of his father's estate, "the dwelling-house and half the barn," together with other property. He married, resided in Cambridge, and had eight children, of whom Samuel is of special interest to us.

Samuel Dana, grandson of Richard, was born in Cambridge, September 7, 1694. At the age of twenty-one he received the estate left by his father, Jacob, on condition that he pay the other children certain sums of money. It included a house and twenty-seven acres of land in Cambridge and lands in Pomfret, Connecticut. This same year, April 10, 1716, Samuel essayed his first matrimonial venture, taking to wife Abigail Gay, who died June 1, 1718. By her he had but one child, a son Nathaniel, in whom we are immediately interested as the great-grandfather of the subject of this story. But before we speak at length of Nathaniel, we should take note that his father, Samuel, married for the second time on January 6, 1719, his wife being Susanna Star, who died on April 10, 1731, having borne her husband five daughters and a son. Before the new year had rolled around, Samuel Dana felt the need of a woman's care for his children, and on December 30, 1731, he espoused Mary Sumner, with whom he lived thirty-eight years, until her death on April 28, 1770. She added six children to his flock, making him the father of thirteen. Not that this was a large family for colonial days, for Sir William Phipps was one of twenty-six children, all by the

same mother; while Cotton Mather relates: "One woman had not less than twenty-two children, and another had no less than twenty-three children by one husband, whereof nineteen lived to man's estate, and a third who was mother to seven and twenty children."

To come, then, to Nathaniel, son of Samuel, and great-grandson of the first immigrant, Richard Dana, we find him to have been born in Cambridge on February 1, 1717. He married Abigail Dean, and to them likewise were born thirteen children. The oldest, Nathaniel, born July 24, 1739, lived less than five months, bringing early grief, indeed, to his girl-mother, then but seventeen years of age. The following year another Nathaniel was born, and then came Mary, born October 22, 1742, and Ephraim, born September 26, 1744. Nathaniel, the father of this family of thirteen children, died at the age of forty-eight, of that dread plague of colonial days, small-pox.

And so, briefly, have we accounted for particular representatives of three generations of the descendants of Richard Dana, all born in the town of Cambridge, all forbears of whom to be proud—sturdy, independent, and fearless of all save God.[10]

GRANDPARENTS

IN 1646, the General Court of Massachusetts passed an Act to encourage attempts to convert the Indians to the faith of Christ. John Eliot was then forty-two years of age, and he immediately began his active work as a missionary to the Indians. His original plan was to gather all the "Praying Indians" into one village, and after much searching, he selected Natick, Massachusetts, as the fittest place. Here, in 1651, he helped the Indians lay out a town, consisting of three long streets, two on the north side of the River Charles and one on the south. First the large fort was built, "palisadoed with trees," enclosing about a quarter-acre of land. Then Eliot and his Indian followers erected the Town Hall, fifty feet long and twenty-five feet wide, framed after the English fashion; its lower room serving as a meeting-house on Sunday and a school-room and assembly-hall through the week. On the upper floor Eliot had his sleeping-room, and the Indians had a safe place for their furs and other belongings. In this place, in 1660, John Eliot baptized his Indian band and established the first Church of Christ among the native savages of North America.

When we consider what he accomplished with the savages in Natick and in the other "praying towns" which he established later; when we reflect upon the tireless energy and matchless zeal shown by this Apostle in translating into the Indian language the whole of the Old and New Testaments,

with a Catechism, we are ready to believe with Edward Everett, that, "Since the days of Paul, a nobler, truer and warmer spirit than John Eliot never lived."

Under the guidance of Eliot, the Indians began their town government by appointing a ruler of hundreds, two rulers of fifty, and ten rulers of ten. Thenceforth, for more than a century, the story of Natick is that of an Indian town, a strange page in our country's history, a picture weird and unreal. True, the English were settling there more and more, attracted by the location and by the fertility of the soil, so that while in 1721 there were but two white settlers in town, by 1745 the English were predominant; and when Natick was by the General Court erected into an English district, or precinct, the whites alone were admitted, and the few remaining Indians, numbering perhaps one hundred and eighty-five, were placed under guardianship.[11]

Among the names of the early English proprietors of Natick, we find that of Ephraim Dana. As has already appeared, he was the great-great-grandson of that first immigrant, Richard Dana; and, more to the point, he was the grandfather of Woodbury K. Dana. Born in Cambridge, September 26th, 1744, he was probably attracted to Natick by the good repute of its farms and the great influx of English settlers following the abandonment of the lands by the Indians. His father had died when Ephraim was twenty-one, and it was time he was establishing a home of his own. It is of passing interest to note that the Natick of earlier days included the prosperous Welles Farm, whence the name Wellesley comes, and that in the eighteenth century there lay chiefly in Natick that sheet of water known as Saw-Mill Pond, later called Bullard's Pond — more familiar in these days as the beautiful Lake Waban.[12] This was a favorite swimming-place for Ephraim Dana's boys.

Two days before his twenty-eighth birthday, Ephraim Dana married Rebecca Leland of Sherborn. They had three children: Dexter, born November 30, 1773; David, born October 8, 1775; and Ephraim, who was born July 9, 1777, and who died four months later.

To Ephraim Dana, as he tended his forge in the early days of his married life, came ugly news concerning his country's welfare. On Sundays, when with the other proprietors of the town he went to listen to the practical sermons and the earnest prayers of the Rev. Stephen Badger, he became more and more disturbed by the rehearsal of the harsh and thoughtless acts of the far-off English Parliament. His first-born son was but a month old when news came of the Boston Tea Party; the following year the King's anger led to the closing of the port of Boston to all commerce; then meetings were forbidden except for elections; Massachusetts appealed to her sister colonies, and the first Continental Congress assembled at Philadelphia. By the spring of 1775, Massachusetts was practically in rebellion; on every village green the farmers' boys were drilling; in every home and meeting-house were stored guns and ammunition.

Ephraim Dana was now in his thirty-first year; he had a wife and infant son who needed his care and protection; there were younger men than he available, men with no families dependent on them, but the call was such that he could not resist. Natick numbered only five hundred and thirty-five inhabitants, men, women and children; but before the Battle of Lexington was fought this little town had formed its company of Minute-men, and on its rolls as a private appeared the name of Ephraim Dana. That he was one of the American farmers who chased the Redcoats down the lane at Lexington, is probable; that he was with the troops and saw George Washington take command of the Continental Army under the Cambridge Elm, seems well settled.[13]

Accurate information concerning the movements of the soldiers in the early part of the Revolution is not available; we do not know just what companies participated in the Battle of Bunker Hill; even the number of colonial troops engaged on that historic day is variously estimated. To attempt, then, to follow the fortunes of Ephraim Dana in that war for independence would be fruitless. Let it suffice to set forth here his record as it appears in the official publication by the Secretary of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts:[14]

> "Dana, Ephraim, Natick. Sergeant, Capt. Joseph Morse's Co., Col. Samuel Bullard's Regt., which marched on the alarm of April 19, 1775; service seven days; ALSO 1st Lieutenant, Capt. Hezekiah Broad's 5th (Natick) Co., 5th Middlesex Co. Regt.; list of officers of Mass. Militia; commissioned March 27, 1776."

In 1777, Ephraim Dana's wife died, leaving him with his two sons, Dexter and David, aged respectively about four and two years. Some two years later, or to be exact, on April 27, 1779, Mr. Dana purchased the house which is now familiar to all his descendants, and which remained in the family until the death of his daughter, Mrs. Tabitha Leach, in 1869. The farm comprised forty-eight acres, and the house was attractive and comfortable. It is now one of the historic places in Natick, and has but recently been purchased by the Hunnewell estate. As will appear later, it was originally but half its present size, the eastern extension having been built by Mr. Dana's daughters after his death. It is probable that Ephraim Dana bought this homestead in contemplation of his second marriage, an event which took place a year later, and which is of such importance that it is recorded here, thus rendering it necessary to defer for a while further reference to this interesting house and the people who tenanted it.[15]

On April 20, 1780, Lieut. Ephraim Dana married Tabitha Jones, daughter of Col. John Jones of Dedham. John Jones

stands out as one of the striking characters in any account of the ancestry of the subject of this story, and it seems fitting to dwell a bit on his life and character.[16] In 1740 he purchased a farm some sixteen miles from Boston, in what later became a part of Dedham. His large tract of land was shaped like a horseshoe and was bounded on three sides by the Charles River. Here he built a substantial house which he occupied for some sixty years. He was at different times a teacher, surveyor, conveyancer, colonel in the militia, guardian of the Natick Indians, and Justice of the Peace. As a surveyor he acquired considerable reputation; in 1762-63, under a commission from the royal Governor, he surveyed Mount Desert, Maine. As a Justice of the Peace, he was locally famous. In his book of "*Entrys and Judgments*," are recorded accounts of many cases heard before him, while his "*Book of Minits*" contains much genealogical information, and accounts of the dowers and gifts to his children. While he was known as "John Jones of Dedham" to distinguish him from another member of the family of the same name, his house was much nearer the Natick meeting-house than it was that of Dedham, and he participated freely in the affairs of the former town.

He was for years a deacon in the Badger Church at Natick and had as a colleague in that office an Indian by the name of Joseph Ephraim. At the communion-table, the two served on equal terms; while in secular life the Indian brother was carriage- and house-servant for Colonel Jones.

Ephraim Dana's house and blacksmith-shop were but a scant eighth of a mile distant from the Jones Mansion on the opposite side of the Charles, and the families had known each other for years before the marriage of Lieut. Ephraim Dana to Tabitha Jones.

The list of articles comprising the dower which Colonel Jones gave his daughter upon her marriage to Lieut. Ephraim

Dana includes a cow, five sheep, silver and pewter ware, furniture and furnishings of various kinds, including a most interesting set of china cups and saucers. Each piece has on one side a figure of Justice; and on the other side, the three letters, J. J. J., standing for John Jones Justice, and doubtless referring to the office of Justice of the Peace, which Colonel Jones held under the Colonial government from 1756 to 1774, and under the Commonwealth from 1786 to 1800. Three pieces of this most interesting set of Lowestoft china are now in possession of Mr. Woodbury K. Dana, whose father's maternal grandfather was John Jones of Dedham.

It only remains to clear up certain vague misgivings shared by some of the descendants of this worthy man as to his standing and attitude just before and during the Revolutionary War. Some of the present generation have heard disquieting suggestions to the effect that somewhere and somehow there crept into their ancestral line a loyalist who must have his tea even if he have to drink it in his cellar; in short, that Col. John Jones was a Tory. From 1756, he was commissioned a Justice of the Peace under the English Colonial government, and he had taken his oath to serve that government faithfully. In the years just preceding the Revolution he had incurred the ill will of certain citizens by a strict enforcement of the laws relating to public worship and the observance of Lord's Day. His son, John Jones, was active in the Minute-men, and his whole family was in sympathy with the patriots who believed the day was approaching when the colony was to have war with the mother country. It should be borne in mind that not all Americans felt that it was wise and best for their country to fight the English. Natick was not lacking in patriotism, but at the time of the Revolution the town was about equally divided in sentiment as to the wisest course to pursue. Many of her citizens, especially

the older people, felt that it might be fully as well to remain loyal to the King. Natick's delegate to the convention voted against the new constitution, and when the call came for the town to supply guns and blankets, the article was not acted on at town meeting. Squire Jones was conservative and had doubtless acquired habits and ways more characteristic of the old order of things than of the new. It is not strange if his sympathies were rather with the loyalists than the patriots.

In the fall of 1774, Colonel Jones was waited on by a numerous company of citizens, and, as he came from his mansion and joined them under one of the large elms on his estate, he was presented with a demand, signed by the "Sons of Liberty," that he resign his office as a magistrate of King George. It was hardly a time to hesitate. He recognized in the crowd certain men on whom he had imposed penalties for violation of harsh Colonial laws, and he realized that the whole assembly had come to accomplish a definite purpose. He saw before him certain neighbors and friends who, while thoroughly in sympathy with the policies and plans of the leaders, would see that no unnecessary insult or injury was used in persuading the magistrate whom they respected notwithstanding his loyalty to the King. Among these latter was Ephraim Dana, the sturdy blacksmith. In the doorway of the house with the rest of the Jones family stood the daughter Tabitha, then seventeen years old, a silent onlooker at this really historic scene. The business for which the crowd had assembled was transacted, we are told, with as much regard to decorum and order as the excitement and zeal of the parties would permit. Col. John Jones then and there resigned his office as Justice of the Peace, and there is every reason to believe that he neither resented then the demand of his neighbors nor later regretted the step which he was forced to take.

It may be true that his course in those exciting years preceding the war caused him to be classed by some as a Tory; he is not enumerated as a loyalist by the historian Sabine. On that September day in 1774, he certainly lost neither his own self-respect nor the esteem and confidence of his neighbors who had so grimly decided to remove from their midst the visible evidence of the reign of an obnoxious king.

Mrs. Stowe in her *Oldtown Folks* has done his name and reputation an injustice in lightly reciting that he found it convenient to disappear during the years of the war, only to return when order and the new social status were established, taking his place as an orderly citizen, unchallenged and unquestioned. We must allow her the usual poetic license, and also bear in mind that her husband, upon whom she relied most for her facts for this story, was not born until long after many of the persons he describes were dead, and long after most of the scenes which the story makes him witness had been enacted.

The facts are that Colonel Jones remained at home with neither desire nor cause to leave. He was trusted by his neighbors, and he gave no man cause to question his loyalty once he was freed from his cares as a magistrate.

In 1786, in response to a memorial signed by numerous fellow-citizens, he was commissioned by the Governor of Massachusetts to serve once more as "one of the Justices of the Court of General Sessions of the Peace of Suffolk County." He remained to his death a respected, trusted, and most influential member of the community, and he died honored and esteemed by all respectable citizens of the county. In whatever position we find him, whether as a sworn officer of the law under the Colonial government, or as a private citizen during the heartrending and uncertain years of the Revolution, or as a magistrate under the Commonwealth, he is

stamped as a man of courage, of respect for authority, of loyalty to friends.

Lieut. Ephraim Dana was elected Selectman of the town of Natick, March 6, 1782; he was re-elected March 3, 1783, and again March 1, 1784.[11] He was a man of sterling common sense, and was highly esteemed by his fellow-citizens.

When Ephraim Dana married Tabitha Jones, she was in her twenty-fifth year, and he was eleven years her senior.[17] Their first child was born February 10, 1781, and was christened Rebecca, apparently for the first wife. Two years later, on February 5, 1783, twins were born, the boy being named Ephraim for his father and the girl Tabitha for her mother. It will be recalled that the third son by the first wife had died a few months after being christened Ephraim. Nathaniel was born May 2, 1787, and five years later, on the 20th day of April, 1792, came the last child, a son who was given the name of Luther.

Luther Dana, whose life we shall follow in some detail, had not learned to lisp the name of father when he was bereft of that parent, for in the prime of manhood, when scarcely forty-eight years of age, Lieut. Ephraim Dana died at his home in Natick on November 19, 1792.

Thus far, then, perhaps our story had been better told by the simple record: Richard begat Jacob; and Jacob begat Samuel; and Samuel begat Nathaniel; and Nathaniel begat Ephraim; and Ephraim begat Luther — and was gathered to his fathers.

Luther Dana

PARENTS

GEORGE WASHINGTON was serving his first term as President when Luther Dana was born; the population of the United States numbered about four million; the first New York City directory had appeared but six years before and contained only eight hundred and forty-six names; Maine was still a part of Massachusetts.

Of the boyhood of Luther Dana, too little authentic and definite information is available. After the death of his father, the family apparently remained together for some time. Two of the sons, Dexter and David, were almost of man's estate, being respectively nineteen and seventeen years of age, capable of carrying on the work of the farm. The family still attended Mr. Badger's church.

In 1801, when Luther was but nine years of age, his mother married Jacob Homer, a retired merchant of Boston, who owned several houses in that city, but who came to the Dana homestead to live, dying there in 1815. Luther's older sisters, Rebecca and Tabitha, built the eastern extension to the house and there established a dry and fancy goods store which they managed for many years. They also kept house, and made a home for their aged Grandmother Dana, and also for two orphan-boy cousins. Later Tabitha became "Aunt Leach" by marrying Joseph Leach of Lancaster, Massachusetts, while Rebecca married the Rev. Jesse Fisher of Scotland, Connecticut. The store passed into the hands of cousins; but

Aunt Leach, after spending some years in Lancaster, came back to the old home to care for her mother, who was becoming old and feeble, and stayed with her until her death on February 15, 1827.[18]

All of the Dana boys decided against Natick as a permanent home. The town had little to attract any ambitious youth. It was a farming community; its population was about seven hundred; the door of opportunity swung outward. True, there was the beauty of location, the association of relatives and friends, and the certainty of fair returns from diligent husbandry. Rev. Freeman Sears, a graduate of Williams College, now preaching in the new yellow-painted two-story meeting-house, was refined and helpful to the growing boys of the parish. These charms, and more, were there, as evidenced by their portrayal by the gifted author of *Oldtown Folks*, who many years after found in this time and place the theme of her story. Her husband, Calvin Stowe, was born in Natick in 1801, and doubtless looked across the pews of the new meeting-house many a time at Luther Dana where he sat in the more favorably placed pew of the older brother, Ephraim Dana.

In those days a boy of working age was expected to contribute his part to the support of the family. The chores were his by custom, and, if he was not old enough or strong enough to hold the plow or cultivator, he could at least ride and guide the farm horse for others to plow and cultivate; if he was too young to dig potatoes, he was old enough to pick them up when dug by others. Rare were the days which a boy could call his own. Even on Fourth of July, to earn his freedom, young Luther must needs get up with the sun and do his stint by hoeing so many rows of potatoes, before starting afoot with some of his brothers for Boston to see the city celebration. His allowance for the day was nine pence, out of which he

bought his lunch of gingerbread to munch on Boston Common. And when the day was done, when the wondrous parade had passed, and the sports of the afternoon were over, and the last rocket of the evening's fireworks had been cheered, there was that weary sixteen-mile tramp home.[19] Few are the boys of today who would count such an outing one of pleasure.

Mr. Frank J. Dana is authority for the statement that his father, Luther Dana, went to work in a store in Boston at a very early age, apparently shortly after the mother's marriage to Mr. Homer, and that about the same time three of the other sons, Dexter, David, and Nathaniel, moved to Portland, Maine. There Nathaniel started a grocery and supply store on Middle Street. In 1808, or thereabouts, when Luther Dana was about sixteen years of age, he joined Nathaniel in Portland and the two brothers began together to build up what was to be a most prosperous and successful business. Portland was then a place of some seven thousand inhabitants.

When Commercial Street was laid out, they built a store there. When the Grand Trunk Railway was put through, Commercial Street was widened and the store had to be moved back. In addition to being a grocery, this store developed into a ship chandlery, and many were the boats which were fitted out by N. and L. Dana. A ship off for the Banks would be supplied with lines, hooks, bait, salt, and all supplies, and the families of the members of the crew would be given credit to last them while the men were away. When the ship returned, the store purchased the catch and adjusted accounts. The business prospered and its owners were early looked upon as among the influential and prominent merchants of the city.

The War of 1812 was, of course, a naval war. Its battles were largely on the sea. At least, we prefer to think of it that way. But the need of troops was felt especially in New York and New England, and many companies were drilled and

mustered which did not leave their home States to participate either in the unfortunate operations along the Canadian border or in the famous engagements at New Orleans. The Maine troops saw no actual service on the battlefield.

The famous Portland Rifle Corps was organized before the war broke out. Its first public parade was on June 12, 1811, and in its resplendent ranks on this occasion marched Luther Dana. This organization was for many years one of the institutions of the city; on its rolls from time to time may be found names which have become known to the whole country.[20] Fortunately, the records of the Company have preserved for us a description of the first uniform worn by the members, and the great-grandchildren of Luther Dana will be interested in this picture of their martial ancestor: At the shoulder was carried a light pike or staff eight feet long with a head of steel about eighteen inches in length, to be used as a bayonet in charging; the rifle was slung at the back. The coat was of "grass-green with three rows of small yellow buttons, and ornamented with gold lace-work from the center to the outside row. The skirts turned up with white facings and gold lace collar. Black silk stock and white cassimere pants cut close without stripe or ornament, black over gaiters and laced shoes. Cartridge box of japanned leather, fastened to a red morocco belt, with gilt powder horn slung by a green cord under the right arm." The hat is understood to have been cylindrical, with green plume, later changed for one with white top.

During the war, Mr. Dana attended daily drill with his company on Munjoy Hill. From time to time, Portland had its alarms and stood ever ready to defend itself. In September, 1813, had occurred the famous fight between the *Boxer* and the *Enterprise*, and the captured *Boxer* lay for some months dismantled in Portland harbor. On September 16,

1814, the Portland Rifle Corps received orders relieving it from its daily drill and directing it to go aboard the *Boxer* and guard the harbor. A real danger of attack by sea was apprehended, and the captured *Boxer* had been armed and equipped for service. Luther Dana is mentioned among those who assumed this novel duty. Recalling this patriotic service of their ancestor on the historic *Boxer*, is it strange that his children's grandchildren read Longfellow's *My Lost Youth* with an interest beyond that of their playmates?

Nor did the War of 1812 end Mr. Dana's interest in things military. One of the first commissions signed by William King, first Governor of the State of Maine, is dated August 24, 1820, and is addressed to "Luther Dana, Gentleman," commissioning him "Ensign of a Company of Riflemen in the Third Regiment in the Second Brigade and Fifth Division of Militia," to date from March 20, 1820. His commission as Lieutenant of this company came the following year, carrying the rank from June 12, 1821, and was signed by Governor Williamson. In 1823, Governor Albion K. Parris signed his commission as Captain. His certificate of honorable discharge was dated April 26, 1825. These three interesting commissions are now in the possession of a grandson and namesake, Mr. Luther Dana of Westbrook, Maine.[21]

Nathaniel Dana had married Mary Blanchard on February 28, 1813. Within a year or so after their marriage they received news of the death of Mr. John Kidder of Hallowell, Maine. Mrs. Dana was a cousin of the Kidder children, and she immediately invited two of them, James and Louisa, the latter a girl of seven years, to live with her, which they did. The mother, Mrs. John Kidder, with two of her other daughters, likewise came to Portland to live with her sister, wife of David Dana. Mrs. Kidder is spoken of as a woman of uncommon strength of mind and intelligence.

Louisa Kidder continued to live in the home of Nathaniel Dana for fourteen years. For some time Mr. Luther Dana had been living in this same household; and he saw more and more to admire in Louisa Kidder. She was considerably his junior, having been born January 5, 1807, but to the great satisfaction of their relatives and friends they were married on October 14, 1828.

After living in a house on Cumberland Street for several years, Mr. Dana bought the house on State Street at the corner of Spring, where they were to live the rest of his life, a period of almost forty years. This is the home associated with the childhood and early manhood of Woodbury K. Dana; here he was born; here he first brought his wife to call on his parents. The two older children, Nathaniel and Louisa, were born in the Cumberland Street home, but all the other children of Luther Dana were born in this State Street house.

As has been said, the business of the Dana brothers prospered. Mr. Luther Dana looked after the details with painstaking care. The small customer who was purchasing a few dollars' worth of goods received as courteous treatment and as careful attention as the man whose trade was of much greater volume. Sometimes the captain of a fishing schooner back from a trip to the Banks would have little to show for his time and expense, but if Mr. Dana found reason to believe that the failure was through no fault of the captain, he never hesitated to give further credit and to outfit the boat anew. A single illustration will suffice to show the character and insight of this Christian merchant. One of his customers was a captain in whom Mr. Dana had confidence. He outfitted his ship for a fishing trip and gave the usual credit to the families of the men composing the crew. The trip was a complete failure, and the boat returned after an absence of weeks with nothing to turn over to the store. Mr. Dana cheerfully

supplied him with new lines and further supplies, and the ship went off with everything necessary for the second trip. Again misfortune attended the venture, and the disappointed skipper and crew came into Portland harbor. Again the store supplied every need, and when the time came for the next trip, the boat sailed with as complete an outfit as though her earnings were the highest of all in the fleet. The books of the store showed heavy charges against that captain, and both parties realized that many a quintal of fish would be required to balance the account. But from this third trip and several subsequent ones, the captain began gradually to pay off the debt. From time to time, when the skipper came into the store to make a payment, Mr. Dana's quick eye would perceive something wrong, and he would suggest that the man needed a heavier overcoat or a short respite from his strenuous labors. At last, a better trip than usual enabled him to make final payment, and when Mr. Dana thanked him for this, the skipper broke down and cried, saying, "Mr. Dana, I've gone cold and I've gone hungry, but I've enjoyed all the hardship of it in making good to the man who trusted me three times running!"

As a natural and seemingly necessary commodity in their business of that time, the Danas carried a supply of rum and other liquors for their customers. John B. Gough was then at the height of his fame as a temperance lecturer, and when the partners once heard him speak on the evils of the drink habit they immediately gave up all trade in spirituous liquors. While the business was deemed eminently proper and respectable, they decided that they would have no further part in it.

Mr. W. G. Merrill, in *Reminiscences of Old Portland*, writes:

> "When N. Dana moved to Boston the firm (N. & L. Dana) was changed to Dana, Smith (Isaac Smith) & Co. (J. D. Kidder).

> They had at that time almost the monopoly of the fishing business and of the Vermont winter trade that came through the "Notch" in those two-horse red pungs loaded with frozen dressed hogs, pot and pearl ash, butter, cheese, maple sugar, poultry of all kinds, Vermont apple butter sweetened with maple molasses, dried apples, etc., with a few deer carcasses with the hides on, and occasionally a fat, black bear on the top of the load. . . . Dana, Smith & Co. occupied the building on the corner of Central Wharf & Fore Street."

In 1836, a great craze for land speculation held Portland in its grip. Hundreds saw an opportunity to make their fortunes. Mr. Luther Dana stuck to his last. He was a merchant, not a dealer in lands. His firm at the time included himself, his brother Nathaniel, and a third highly respected and honorable partner. One of the employees of the firm was carried away with the idea of buying lands for a quick rise in values. He bought wildly, and to meet the payments, he forged the firm name of his employers on promissory notes. The crash came. The firm refused to dishonor the notes and expose the unfortunate who had abused their confidence. There was no bankruptcy in those days and no exemptions for the individual partners. All they had went to satisfy the holders of those false notes. Luther Dana did not falter. He was probably worth at the time sixty thousand dollars, but it all went. He sacrificed his family coach, his house, and even his watch. The business of the firm was ruined; but, without the loss of a day, he went to work to retrieve the fortune which another had lost for him. His persistency, his reputation for sterling honesty, counted mightily, and he prospered for many years.

And then at length came the country-wide financial panic of 1857. It is not altogether clear even today what caused this crisis. Some eminent theorists hold that in the business and financial world, as in the physical properties of matter,

Mrs. John Kidder

the law of equal reaction prevails; and they would say that from the almost unprecedented prosperity and expansion of the years preceding 1857, there was bound to result a depression and contraction to equalize and stabilize affairs. Doubtless, the tremendous activity in railroad building and the speculation of all classes induced by the unwonted prosperity and inflation of prices following the new influx of gold had much to do with the situation. At all events, the times were out of joint. Business men could borrow only by paying three, four, or five per cent. per month. Failures multiplied throughout the country, banks suspended specie payment. Among the commercial houses of highest repute which went down in the crash was that of Mr. Luther Dana. He was now sixty-five years of age. For some time he had not been particularly active in the business of the firm, although his advice and assistance were counted upon at all times. But now his fighting blood was up again. Adversity was always the breath of his nostrils. The business needed him again, and he gave it his active attention as long as he lived. Little wonder that his associates and business friends appreciated his worth. In all his long and successful business career, not a question as to his integrity, not a word against his character; only praise for his industry, and honor for his ability and manhood.

Nor must the idea prevail from all this that Mr. Dana allowed business to engross his whole attention. He was active in all matters pertaining to the welfare of his adopted city. He was a Republican in politics, and he made himself felt in matters political. He was of the sort needed in politics, and he gave freely of his time and means in advancing his party's interest. He refused all political offices, believing that as good men were needed in the ranks as in the official roles.[22]

His home was one of culture and refinement. Good books were on the shelves, a pipe organ gave evidence of a love and appreciation of music, and the type of visitors entertained by the family was significant of the atmosphere of the home. Among those visitors should be mentioned Prof. Calvin E. Stowe and his wife, Harriet Beecher Stowe. Mention has been made of the fact that Calvin E. Stowe was born at Natick, and that his family and that of Lieut. Ephraim Dana were neighbors and attendants at the same church. It was while Professor Stowe was on the Bowdoin faculty that Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. As this work progressed, its author came up from Brunswick from time to time with her husband to visit Mr. Luther Dana and his family, and on these occasions she would read chapters of the story from her manuscript to the Dana family. Moreover, Professor Stowe was a well-read man, traveled, and of uncommon versatility. The two families derived pleasure and advantage from these visits.

Mr. Dana was likewise interested in the church. He was one of the founders of High Street Congregational Church, and one of its most prominent and active supporters. He was strict in his observance of the Sabbath and he brought up his family with a scrupulous regard for their duties to the church. In fact, today's generation would call Luther Dana a Puritan of Puritans. In his family, Fast Day was a day to be observed by fasting; Christmas smacked of Popery, and it was not until his children were old enough to desire it strongly that the modern customs of that day were observed. Today it is hard to realize that in early New England times the ban on Christmas observance was general, and that scarcely more than a generation back it was common in many cities and towns for secular activities to be in full swing on that day.

Mrs. Luther Dana was a fitting life-mate for her husband. Gentle in manner, in disposition even and kind, she ruled her

Mrs. Luther Dana

family by affection and example. She believed in maintaining her establishment in accord with her husband's station, and was known as a model housekeeper. Perhaps, if anything, she was over-indulgent with her children, ever planning for their comfort and happiness, without sufficient thought for herself. Mr. Luther Dana died at his home on State Street on June 19, 1870; his wife survived him by twelve years. Soon after her husband's death, Mrs. Dana moved to the house on Deering Street, where she passed the rest of her life, with her two sons Luther and John, her daughter Mary, and, for part of the time, her sister, who was known to the family as Aunt Chute. Mrs. Dana died on August 3, 1882.

Luther Dana and his wife had eight children, whose names and birthdays will be found in the Appendix.

The following tribute appeared in one of the Portland papers at the time of Mr. Luther Dana's death, and may be taken as reflecting the common feeling towards him in the community.

LUTHER DANA

With feelings of sorrow we record today the death of the oldest active business merchant in this city, Mr. Luther Dana, who expired at his residence on State Street Saturday night at the age of seventy-eight years.

Mr. Dana was born in Natick, Mass., in 1792. He came to this city in 1812 and connected himself in business, with his elder brother, Nathaniel, on Middle Street, just below the Casco Bank. Hon. Levi Cutter was afterwards added to the firm, and for a long series of years the business, a very large one, was conducted by N. & L. Dana & Co., the firm being extensively known, by their business transactions, throughout this State and Northern New Hampshire and Vermont. Subsequently the firm removed to Fore Street, at the head of Central Wharf, where, in addition to the old firm, a new one was started of Dana & Smiths', of which the deceased was the senior member. The other members of this firm, Isaac and John A. Smith, died many years ago.

Afterwards Mr. Dana connected himself with his nephew, Woodbury S. Dana, Esq., and his son John A. S., in the fish and salt business on Commercial Street under the firm of Dana & Co.; and with his sons Luther W. and Frank J., also established a wholesale grocery business on Central Wharf. With these two latter establishments, he was connected at the time of his death.

For a period of about fifty-eight years he was in active business in this city. There is not a person in business here now, that was at the time when Mr. Dana commenced. In business capacities excelled by none, and in which few were his equals, his energies were directed to his mercantile transactions, and with such success as to build for the firms with which he was connected, an enduring reputation for honorable dealing and mercantile integrity.

The crowning trait of his life was his pure Christian character. His heart and hand were ever open to all the charitable institutions and to the poor and needy. He was, indeed, a man "in whom there was no guile." Connecting himself with the Second Parish Church, under Dr. Payson, in 1827, he continued with that church until the formation of the High Street Church in 1830, of which he was a consistent member up to the time of his decease, walking humbly in the footsteps of his glorious Master, to whom he had so cheerfully devoted himself.

For some time past he has been gradually failing in strength, but not in mind. His indomitable business habits would, however, bring him to his place of business when, perhaps, he should have sought quietness. He has been confined to his house for some weeks, and passed quietly and peacefully away to that rest which remaineth above. He will be missed and mourned in this community, where he had endeared himself to all who knew him or had business transactions with him.

To his afflicted wife and children he leaves the rich and enduring legacy of a good name and the character of an honest, upright man.

CHILDHOOD *and* EARLY MANHOOD

ACCORDING to a memorandum in the handwriting of his mother, Woodbury Kidder Dana was born at four o'clock in the morning, Sunday, June 7, 1840. The new arrival was named Woodbury for Woodbury Storer Dana, son of Nathaniel Dana; he was given for a middle name his mother's maiden name of Kidder. Woodbury Storer Dana, at the time of the birth of his namesake, was twenty years of age. He had been employed in the Dana store, but had left that position and gone to Chicago.

As a child, Woodbury K. Dana was not strong. He was handicapped by defective vision and hearing. His articulation also was poor, and only his family could understand him during the first years after he began to talk. Needless to relate, his early teachers failed to comprehend the true situation, and were inclined to attribute his backwardness to a lack of mental ability, rather than to defective physical senses. His mother not only had an abiding faith in her child, but she possessed an abundant patience with him. Her reward came when she sent the boy one day to Wheelock Craig, Master of Portland Academy, for examination. Many a Portland business man pays to Mr. Craig the tribute of being a man of rare attainments. He was something more than a teacher of rules and lessons. He knew boys, and he knew the human machine. He told the child's mother that the trouble with Woodbury was in his hearing, and that if he ever learned to read she

would have reason to be proud of him. Woodbury K. Dana has never forgotten the verdict passed on him by Master Craig. It inspired him with confidence and gave him the resolution to make that prediction come true.[23]

Even as a boy he excelled in the games of chess and checkers, winning uniformly over his brothers and sisters in the latter game, and defeating his opponents in the former much of the time. His pleasure in these games has always continued, and many an hour in the army passed more pleasantly because of his fondness for these pastimes. The boy Woodbury attended various schools in Portland, beginning with a private school and later going through the intermediate and grammar, or, as now rated, the high school grades in the public schools. Among his schoolmates were representatives of the Fessenden, Brown, Kidder, Furbish, and Blanchard families. Elsewhere, his attendance at the Lewiston Falls Academy at Auburn is recounted. In the earlier school days his brother John, who was nearly seven years older, and his brother Luther, over two years his senior, were a comfort and help to him. All was not smooth sailing for the lad, for he was inclined to stand up for his rights among the other boys and to resent any interference with his freedom to do as he chose; and now and then, also, came the teacher's ferule to correct some infringement of the strict rules set for observance. A favorite sport in one of the schools was the use of "skip-jacks" — a match or small stick attached to a strip of elastic — with which some of the pupils became adept in hitting an object, usually animate, across the room.

A few years after the admission of Maine into the Union, the State legislature voted to change the capital from Portland to Augusta, although it was not until the new State House was finished in 1831 that the change was actually made. The old State House in Portland was used for sundry public purposes

Woodbury K. Dana

Aged about 16

from daguerreotype

for a while in its old location, and Mr. Dana recalls that it was in this building that as a schoolboy he declaimed his first public "piece." Characteristically enough, his theme was *Perseverance.*

The State Street home where Mr. Dana was born was a dwelling of dignified proportions, and in keeping with the family's standing in the community. Built in 1813, it was heated by a large wood furnace, supplemented with fireplaces and air-tight stoves in some of the rooms. Its largest room had been designed by its original owner as a dance-hall, but Mr. Luther Dana utilized it as a dining-room when anniversaries and special occasions brought together a larger number of the family and friends than usual. It also served as an ideal play-room or nursery for the younger children.[24]

The grounds comprised about three-quarters of an acre, and the head of the family improved his opportunity to cultivate a large and attractive garden. Small fruits were there in abundance — red raspberries and yellow, currants, gooseberries, grapes, and strawberries, and trees which bore the best of apples, plums, cherries, and pears. Nor was all the space taken for utilitarian purposes; the beds of lilies of the valley, the yellow masses of double buttercups, the wondrous snow-ball trees, and the array of other flowers all told of the care and tastes of the owner.

It is all beautiful to look back upon, but some of the boys of the family recall that there were hours spent in the garden and barn which were not altogether pleasurable; Luther Dana believed that boys should early acquire habits of industry and ways of usefulness. There was the horse to be cared for, the cow to be milked, and various back-breaking tasks to keep that garden neat and weedless. The boy Woodbury early decided not to learn how to milk, and, while his grandchildren will doubtless question the statement, the faithful historian

must record that on one or two occasions he was known to mow down the weeds to give the garden a proper appearance instead of painstakingly eradicating them.

Wednesday and Saturday afternoons were school holidays, and when the home tasks had been performed there were the usual diversions of boyhood, not so different from those of today. Ball could be played on the ample grounds about the house, while for swimming, it was only necessary to run down State Street hill, first for a dip in the salt water of the bay, and then a plunge in the fresh water of the canal. The barn chamber was a never-ending source of entertainment. Summer vacations were spent at home, though the son Woodbury recalls one trip to Naples with Aunt Chute.

John S. Dana was employed in his father's store in Portland when Woodbury finished his course at Lewiston Falls Academy, and it was he who suggested to his nineteen-year-old brother the plan of his becoming a manufacturer. One of the staple articles sold in large quantities by the Dana store was cod lines, and it occurred to John that his brother Woodbury might well undertake the manufacture of this commodity. And so it was that Woodbury K. Dana leased a small plant at Gray, Maine, and, backed financially by his brother John, began to manufacture cod lines, bags, and bunch yarn. A dozen hands were employed. The mill in which this beginning was made is still standing. Twing Wilson, who lived near by and was a farmer by occupation, took a deep interest in the young manufacturer and was of much assistance to him in his venture. He came to the mill almost daily to watch proceedings and to talk with the proprietor at lunch hour or after work. It was he who invented and made a machine for bundling the yarn. Mr. Dana still recalls some of the maxims and bits of advice given him by Mr. Wilson: "Guess work is all slip work, and you want to *know*," he would observe.

Birthplace of Woodbury K. Dana

And again, when he cautioned his young friend to look out for petty theft about the premises and was answered that everybody about there was honest, he dryly remarked: "If people are honest, it is best to watch them and help keep them so." Mr. Dana counts as good advice as he ever received, Twing Wilson's admonition in regard to dealings with employees: "Think over the good qualities of all your school-teachers; pick out the best characteristics displayed by them all; and adopt those ways and those methods in dealing with your help."

It was hard work at Gray, and the future founder of Dana Warp Mills soon realized that he had neither the means nor the experience to make a success of the business he had undertaken there. He was discouraged when he found he had lost a few hundred dollars, and when he returned home he expected that his parents would be bitterly disappointed in him. But Mr. Luther Dana saw another side of the matter. He observed to his wife that if their son succeeded from the start without better preparation, if he made money and made it easily, he would never appreciate the value of that money; now, having learned that it was to be had only by dint of careful preparation and much hard work, if he ever made money, he would know the value of it.

Grit, determination, and dogged perseverance have ever been outstanding characteristics of the Danas, and in none of the long line have these virtues been more marked than in W. K. Dana. He made his new plans at once. He would start at the beginning, and, as he laconically put it, learn the business at somebody else's expense.

He went to Westbrook and obtained a position at card-grinding in the old brick mill where duck and denim were made. He remained part of a year. He did not find the opportunity of actually learning the business, and left for

Lewiston, where he found employment as a second-hand in the Lincoln Mill, working twelve hours a day. Subsequently, and until his enlistment in the army, he worked in different positions in the Bates, Continental, and Lewiston Mills. Long hours he worked, and every hour and every day was full of interest to him. His eye was not on the clock, nor on the overseer. He bent to his daily task as though on the work of that day depended the success or failure of his plan. If grinding cards was his lot, he desired to grind them better than other hands could do. If machines were in his care, he gave them his undivided attention. He was there for a purpose; his wage was only a dollar and a quarter a day, but he told himself that this was but a small part of what he was earning for himself. His mind was steadfastly fixed on the one ultimate object of some day being the owner of a mill of his own.

And now comes the revelation of another side of his nature. It was not enough to slave twelve hours a day and to perform labor really beyond his strength; he must occupy his evenings in teaching other mill-hands whose early opportunities had been smaller than his. Several evenings a week he devoted to going about among the homes of these fellow-employees and tutoring them in reading, writing, and arithmetic. Later he hired a room for this instruction, purchased books and supplies, and for three evenings a week drilled anywhere from twenty to forty boys and men in elementary studies. Those who know the man need not be told that this was not a method taken to eke out his small wages — all instruction was gratuitous, and from his small earnings came the necessary supplies for his school. Always religious, up to this time young Dana had read his Bible through once a year. During these strenuous months and years, especially in the winter, when he must leave home before light in the morning and return after dark at night, with scant time to eat his evening meal before going

to his classes, he had resort to the expedient of reading a few verses while dressing in the morning — a fair criterion of the fullness of his waking hours.

In this fashion, Mr. Dana spent the four important years from the age of nineteen to twenty-three, from 1859 to 1863. It required no little courage in those days for a man whose family was recognized as one of standing in the community to become a mill employee. In the early sixties, not so much was heard as now about "captains of industry" and the "industrial army." College graduates were not so commonly beginning at the bottom to work their way up through the different departments that they might be qualified to succeed their fathers as heads of the plants. But if the thought entered Mr. Dana's head that his friends might look down on him as a mill-hand, it did not trouble him. He had made up his mind to learn the business from A to Izzard, and he went about it in what is now recognized as the most practical way.

CIVIL WAR

IN June, 1863, the War Department at Washington issued General Order No. 191 authorizing the raising of "Veteran Regiments," to be composed of soldiers who had served at least nine months; and inducements were offered to secure the services of the three-year men whose terms were about to expire. This was followed late in July by an order of the State of Maine authorizing Col. George L. Beal, whose Tenth Maine had been mustered out the previous May, to raise one of these veteran regiments forthwith. Colonel Beal thereupon authorized some of the old Tenth officers to seek recruits, and among those who began at once was Capt. George L. Nye. In the old Central Hall Block in Lewiston, Maine, Woodbury K. Dana on August 12th, 1863, was enlisted by Captain Nye, for three years, or for the duration of the war. Our recruit had grimly decided that there was work he could do for his country, if he could but pass the surgeon's examination. Eyes or no eyes, he would do his part, if he could get the chance. Son of a soldier of 1812, grandson of a soldier under Washington, he must not be refused.

On September 17, 1863, he went to Camp Keyes at Augusta, and, on November 13, 1863, as Private Dana he was mustered into the United States service with the rest of Captain Nye's Company K of the Twenty-ninth Maine Veteran Regiment under Colonel Beal. Almost from the first, Mr. Dana was

detailed to the Quartermaster's Department. In his letters home to his mother, he speaks of being busy all day and of how good the pork and hard-bread tasted.

Camp Keyes, well located on a hill back of the town, had been occupied before, and with its barracks and equipment was not uncomfortable. For weeks the regiment was to stay here drilling and manoeuvering — sometimes indoors, and sometimes outside in the snow. As has appeared, it was intended to make this a regiment of veterans. Liberal bounties were offered for re-enlistments; but the recruits came slowly and it was soon found advisable to accept the eligibles regardless of whether they had previously served or not. The bars once down, not a few were accepted who doubtless enlisted for the sake of the bounty merely, as is shown by the fact that when the Government advance bounty and that of the state had been paid them in January, they relieved the regiment of their presence. On the other hand, many of the regiment had well earned the title of veterans by their service in the First or Tenth Maine, while some of the raw recruits were to prove themselves before the war was over.

The historian of the regiment records that: "For uniform we had the sky blue pants and dark blue frock coat, sky blue overcoat and the fatigue cap." The privates carried the 1863 pattern of Springfield rifled musket, muzzle-loading.[25]

Notwithstanding the comparative comfort of Camp Keyes, the certainty of rations, the necessity for drill and for knowledge of the manual of arms, the regiment found life at Camp Keyes dull, and longed to be off. Private Dana from time to time during the stay in Augusta received visits from relatives and friends, and at least once went home to see his parents. Nevertheless, he shared the general impatience and rejoiced with the others when the order finally came to entrain on January 31, 1864. The trip to Portland was soon made;

a short parade about town followed, and the night was passed in the old City Hall. The next day the command boarded the Steamer *DeMolay* in the harbor and on February 2nd the real start for the war was begun, New Orleans being the objective.

It will be recalled that in the summer of 1863 the situation in Mexico was a troublesome one to our Government. Napoleon III. was insistent upon his plan to establish an empire there, and Secretary Seward felt that Archduke Maximilian ought not to find the adjoining State of Texas without some semblage of national authority. Hence came the orders to General Banks in August, 1863, to hoist the flag "in some part of Texas with the least possible delay." [26] By November 30th, Banks had succeeded in overcoming the Confederates at different points and had brought much of Texas under the Union flag.

To overcome the formidable works which still confronted him at Galveston and the mouth of the Brazos, the Red River Expedition was planned, and it was for this campaign that the Twenty-ninth Maine had sailed, to become a part of the Nineteenth Army Corps.

Of that fourteen-day trip on the pitching and rolling Steamer *DeMolay*, with the general seasickness among the men, the miserable horses slung in their stalls on the forward decks, the uncomfortable bunks three tiers high in which the privates had to pass the nights lying four in a bed, few pleasant memories survive. True, for most of the men it was like a trip to another world, and many of the sights were novel and interesting; the short stop at Key West with the myriad of sponging boats and curious craft of various designs, the tropical birds and distinctive trees and vegetation of the Florida coast had their charm; but officers and men were alike relieved and pleased when they disembarked at Algiers, across the river from New Orleans. After a few days, the regiment was moved

to Franklin, where Colonel Beal reported to Gen. William H. Emory. Some weeks were spent in camp in this strange country, with battalion drills, inspections, and general preparations for the campaign which all believed to be near at hand but concerning which little could be learned.

At last, on the 15th day of March, 1864, the march began and the Red River Expedition, foredoomed to failure, was under way. General Banks was occupied with duties connected with the establishment of a State government for Louisiana, and Maj. Gen. William B. Franklin, who rightly enjoyed the confidence of his superiors, headed the Nineteenth Army Corps as it moved out of Franklin. Under him Brig. Gen. William H. Emory had charge of the First Division of the Corps, in the Second Brigade of which came the Thirteenth, Fifteenth and Twenty-ninth Maine regiments. The first leg of the campaign ended at Alexandria, after two weeks of hard marching, through mud and through dust, with hot days and cold nights. The plantations were seen at their best, and on more than one occasion the boys of the Twenty-ninth had their fill of sugar and sirup, "without money and without price."

It was now more than seven months since that enlistment at Lewiston, Maine, and so far no Rebel had been seen, nor had his musket been heard.

At Alexandria, the regiment was transferred to the First Brigade, and so parted from the boys of the Thirteenth and Fifteenth Maine; but the New York regiments, with which the Twenty-ninth was now to be associated, were of the best — even though at first inclined to banter the Maine men about their bounty by bawling, "Seven hundred dollars and a c-a-ow." [27]

Again the march was taken up, and the army reached Natchitoches on April 2nd, while the powerful fleet under

Admiral D. D. Porter and the transports with the troops lent by Sherman were at Grand Ecore, four miles away. From this place the soldier writes to his sister Mary that Natchitoches is quite a city, containing a college and some fine houses; he refers to the hard marching of the past two or three weeks, and to the vast amount of cotton burned by the Rebels as they retreated ahead of the Union troops. He also tells her of the scanty rations of hard-bread, coffee, and fresh beef, which the boys eked out by secret foraging, at the risk of court-martial if caught. He admits to her that sometimes after marching all day, pitching tent in two inches of mud, and sleeping cold and wet, only to be routed out for a start at six the next morning, he is inclined to wish he had stayed at home, except for that longing to overtake the Confederates, who are always a day ahead. He tells his sister to assure their mother that she need have no fear of his acquiring the drink habit. "When we lie down in the rain after a march then the whole brigade has it (whiskey), those who don't take it, take the shakes, so it is six of one and half a dozen of the other. I have only to add, that my opinion is that intemperance is one of the worst things in the world." [28]

From Natchitoches it was but a hundred miles to Shreveport, the principal objective, and on April 6th the army started along the single narrow road "through a barren, sandy country, with little water and less forage, the greater part an unbroken pine forest" — a wilderness unknown to General Banks, who anticipated no resistance on the way.

The Rebels had been falling back all the way up the river and were expected to continue these tactics, but Confederate General Richard Taylor had been recently reinforced until his strength was fully equal to that of the Union Army, and he decided to give battle at Sabine Cross Roads. The cavalry skirmished all day the seventh of April with the Union horse,

Camp Sheridan

and so allowed plenty of time for Taylor to place his troops to the best advantage. Soon after noon of the next day, General Lee with his cavalry, reinforced with two brigades of infantry, came upon the Confederate troops well massed and in a most strategic position. He saw at once, as did General Banks who arrived just then, that the Union forces were inadequate for attack. Indeed, the Confederates, seeing the helplessness of their foe, decided to lead the attack themselves, and late in the afternoon the crash came. It seemed irresistible. Lee's cavalry broke and with it his small infantry force was routed. All fled to the rear in horrible confusion. A division of the Thirteenth Army Corps came up under Cameron, but even General Franklin's presence with this division could not stay the rout. "The whole force dissolved in disorderly retreat. The infantry and cavalry streamed to the rear as they could, in chaotic confusion, and the Confederates reaped a rich harvest of wagons and guns. A little before nightfall, Emory's division of the Nineteenth Corps came up and formed across the road about three miles from where the fight began. The routed mass of men, horses, and wagons poured down the road, which was left open for their retreat, and Taylor's successful force, rushing on in hot pursuit, was brought to a stand by Emory, and checked until night came on." [29]

Lieut. Henry N. Fairbanks of the Thirteenth Maine describes General Emory's disgust at the failure of his cavalry to stand their ground. "The disorderly cavalry continued to press by us and finally General Emory drew his pistol and shot at one who had refused to halt, as he attempted to run his horse around some bushes." [30]

It fell to the lot of the Twenty-ninth Maine to do its heroic part just as the sun was going down on the field of battle. For minutes that seemed like hours, the result was doubtful; it was a terrible trial of courage and discipline; but

the boys from Maine stood firm and poured in their leaden hail with deadly effect. The duties assigned Mr. Dana that day called for his presence in the rear, but there all was confusion, with vague alarms as to the carnage going on at the front; his soldier's blood made him seize a musket and hurry to the firing line, where he did his part with those who finally checked the Rebel advance. The battle of Sabine Cross Roads was over. By general orders its name was inscribed on the flag of the Twenty-ninth Maine. Here Mr. Dana received his baptism of fire.

Banks realized that Shreveport could not be reached; indeed, he saw that both his army and the fleet were in imminent danger of disaster. About midnight following the battle, he gave the order to retreat, and to the Twenty-ninth Maine was given the signal honor of covering that retreat. Even the crack New York regiments, by order of the Commander, must needs fall in ahead. From that day on no more was heard about that bounty. As Major Gould puts it, "Sabine Cross Roads was the tune that the old cow died on."

The next morning the Confederates saw that the foe had left, and they started in pursuit. Late in the afternoon, they attacked again at Pleasant Hill; and for a while it seemed as though the rout of Sabine Cross Roads would be repeated; but Emory's troops again stood their ground and with Mower's men finally charged and threw the Confederates in their turn into confusion. Captain Nye's Company K was under fire, but its men had no opportunity to return the fire of the enemy, perhaps as trying an experience as men can have in battle.

Again the retreat was sounded, and in the early morning hours the Nineteenth Corps, tired out with fighting and night marches, took the road back to Grand Ecore. Admiral Porter's fleet, which had worked its way up the river as far as Springfield Landing before it heard of the arrest of the troops

at Sabine Cross Roads, now hastened back down the river, which was falling so rapidly as to cause great anxiety for the safety of the fleet. Moreover, the Rebels did not hesitate to attack the transports from the river banks, and General Banks, Commander of the Department, realized at last that his paramount duty was to save the fleet at every hazard and abandon the Red River Expedition.

On the 22nd of April, 1864, the army started on its return down the river, a wearisome march, forty-two miles being covered in the first twenty-two hours. The dust was suffocating; on every side was ruin and devastation, with the smell of burning cotton ever strong.[31] On Saturday, April 23rd, the Confederates disputed the crossing of Cane River and a battle ensued to the discomfiture of the Confederates under General Bee. This battle of Cane River Crossing, or Monet's Bluff, is the third inscribed on the flag of the Twenty-ninth Maine.

At Alexandria, where the troops arrived on April 25th, the Twenty-ninth boys rested in camp for two days, and were then ordered to report to Lieutenant Colonel Bailey to work on the dam which he had planned as the one possible chance of saving Porter's fleet. The Red River seemed to be conspiring with the Confederates. Day by day its waters fell. Whereas ordinarily at that season its banks were full, the ragged rocks marking the falls below Alexandria showed only too plainly that the fleet was trapped. If the army should continue its retreat, nothing could save the fleet from falling into the enemy's hands; and yet neither fleet nor army could wait for a possible rise in the river. It was at this point that Lieut. Col. Joseph Bailey, chief engineer on General Franklin's staff, conceived the idea of building a dam to hold the waters back and thus enable the gunboats and transports to pass the falls. It seemed impossible. The river was 758 feet wide and there was a fall of six feet. Admiral Porter scoffed at the

plan. General Banks grasped at the straw, and gave the necessary orders. How that formidable task was accomplished in the almost incredibly short space of nine days and the fleet saved, is a matter of history. Bailey was made Brigadier General and received the thanks of Congress.[32]

The following letter, written to his brother, shows how W. K. Dana looked on events at this time:

Alexandria, May 8th, '64.

Brother Luther:

It is said the Rebs have destroyed our mail boat. We have not had a mail for over a week. The building of the dam progresses finely; when it is done and the ten gunboats get over the Rapids we shall most likely fall back to the Mississippi River either in transports or by land, it being only eighty miles across to Memphis. In every skirmish or battle we have had with the Rebs we have whipped them, except when the 13th A. C. was routed at Mansfield, and they were put in by detail against the whole Rebel force.

This falling back I can't stomach. Seems to me if they would only start us after the Rebs, we would chase them three or four days without anything to eat.

Chandler and band have arrived and are the admiration of all regiments round here. Messrs. Buck, Chandler and Johnson of the Band have joined our mess; we have corn-cake, potatoes, vinegar, molasses, sugar, coffee, tea, flour, etc., some of which we buy though. We have a fine place for a mess-room under a large live oak tree whose branches nearly touch the ground, and we have piled up brush so we have a complete bower. The boys are dying pretty fast. I am as well as they will average. I was aboard the gunboat Lexington this afternoon to get grain for our mules, and met an old Auburn schoolmate acting as ensign. An order came last night to issue two-thirds rations, but then we don't need much to eat in this warm climate.

Please write soon.

Brother Wood.

A few days after the boats and transports had passed safely down the river, the army renewed its march. On May

16th, occurred another engagement with the Confederates known as the Battle of Mansura Plains. Company K was under fire most of the forenoon. The day closed with the Rebels in flight. Of this engagement Lieutenant Fairbanks of the Thirtieth Maine has written:

> This I consider one of the finest sights of the whole war. The Confederate army was in full view, while our army was in line of battle, advancing over the rolling prairie . . . The whole Confederate force was estimated about sixteen thousand. Consider! More than thirty thousand men all in line of battle, with banners unfurled ready for action, and all of this great army within scope of the common eye. During this affair we suffered considerably for water, and I recall the fact that I saw our soldiers strain water, then add black pepper to it to take away the nauseating taste.[33]

Six days later the wearied Union troops marched into Morganzia Bend, and the Red River Expedition was at an end.

The Twenty-ninth Maine Regiment was now composed of veterans indeed. There followed for them monotonous days in camp; the weather was getting hot; thunderstorms occurred almost daily; and flies and mosquitoes were a pest. Major Gould says, "It was the most uncomfortable experience we ever had."

The following extracts from Mr. Dana's diary have been preserved:

> May 12th. At 5 p. m. we were ordered to cross the river and join our Brigade in Alexandria, which city is reported to have been partly burned by our troops.
>
> May 13th. We started at 7 p. m. and marched slowly only ten miles.
>
> May 14th. Started at quarter of five, marched fifteen miles. The teams and transports were fired into.
>
> May 15th. I have slept on the ground the last two nights without blanket or tent. This I have frequently done. Today

we found the mail captured by the Rebs scattered on the banks, also the remains of the two boats they captured sunk in the river.

May 16th. Marched in line of battle six or eight miles over a plain about three miles broad from woods to woods. The artillery and skirmishers fired all the forenoon, and we could see the Rebs retire on their horses at a gallop as we advanced.[34]

May 17th. We have marched through the woods today and at night encamped on the Atchafalaya Bayou. At night the guerrillas fired into us.

May 19th. At night we crossed the Atchafalaya Bayou in boats which took us nearly all night.

May 20th. We went a few miles and parked the teams. At 7 p. m. we started and marched all night till four Saturday morning, rested till 3 p. m. and then marched till 8 p. m. I also went foraging with the Brigade wagoner to a fine plantation, whose owner had letters of protection from Generals Grant, Smith and Banks, and also a cavalry guard, but Quarter Master said the mules must have corn, so we filled our team. It was rather hard to leave in the yard some four dozen ducks, geese, etc.

May 22. Sunday. Started at 7 and marched till 12, encamping on Morganzia Bend. This division is going to be a river patrol. Our marching is done.

But now the command was ordered to the Potomac, and all hands forgot their troubles in looking forward to the pleasant sea voyage. The steamer was too crowded for comfort, and there was inadequate protection from the sun's rays by day and the dew and chill at night; but it was a change which all appreciated. Mrs. Dana received a cheerful letter from her son written on board the Steamer *Clinton*, July 9, 1864.

Of the days that followed in marching here and there in the neighborhood of Washington, of Snicker's Gap and Harper's Ferry, the heat and dust and lack of sufficient rations, little need be said. Morganzia had been left on the 2nd of July, and it was not until August 1st that Major Gould's diary

records, "Today is the first opportunity the men have had to wash their clothes since leaving Morganzia."

It was just at this time that Mr. Dana began to feel the strain of the long marches, the insufficient food and the hard climate. His condition is reflected in the following brief notes to his mother, written on the same small sheet of paper:

Camp near Frederick, Maryland.
Aug. 1, 1864.

Dear Mother:

We left Washington or vicinity three p. m. Tuesday, July 26th. Before sunset Thursday night we had marched sixty miles. We have marched the greater part of every night and about all the hours in the day. Friday night we encamped, the teams on Maryland Heights, the troops three or four miles beyond Harper's Ferry. Yesterday we came back to Frederick City. I had the diarrhoea severely on the march which took my strength away, but I am all right now, or at least much smarter than most of the boys who are all worn out. I went into the building that John Brown shut himself up in. How I wish that he was alive now! All the boys have had to eat on this march has been coffee, sugar, Hard Bread and meat two or three times. I have been with the teams most of the time. My ten dollars was good for the crowd as far as it went.

Monocacy, Aug. 3rd.

Dear Mother:

We came over here yesterday. The 30th is here. Deane is in Washington. I shall either get a horse or stop in some of the fine farm houses of Maryland if we take another long march soon. We have marched a thousand miles in Louisiana and Maryland. I am too tired to write more. I cannot write much on a march, but please write often to me.

Your affectionate son, Wood.

Maynard is not very well. If we could only overtake and whip the Rebs once more, it would cheer this 19th A C up; do it more good than anything else.

The doctor now ordered Mr. Dana from his regiment and to Sandy Hook hospital, where he arrived September 7, 1864.

There he stayed but a day, and with some 240 others was then moved to Patterson Park Hospital, Baltimore, Md. He writes his mother that the "distance was only 82 miles, which was long enough considering the conveyance, box cars with hay on the bottom." For three days these sick and wounded soldiers, who were expecting to be sent to their home states, were kept at the Patterson Park Hospital, and then they were transferred again to Philadelphia in charge of the United States Sanitary Commission. Mr. Dana wrote his mother from United States Hospital, Chestnut Hill, near Philadelphia, and again on September 18, 1864, from Camp Distribution. In this last letter he expresses a strong desire to get back to his regiment. "We live here mostly on bread; we get one thick slice at each meal, and generally pork or beef. I remain most of the time in my barracks."

A week or two later he reached Winchester, Va., and soon writes his mother that he is much stronger. He had hopes of being allowed to join his company again and to take active part in the stirring battles which were imminent, but was held at the Quartermaster's on detail.

For weeks the whole army had been disheartened. But now came a change. The forces in the Shenandoah were put under the command of Sheridan, then only thirty-three years of age. He was fully trusted by General Grant, and he soon inspired a confidence in his men which made them well-nigh invincible. And there was need of Sheridan. Early's strong forces in the Valley, his constant menace of Washington, and the danger of extensive Rebel raids into Maryland and Pennsylvania caused serious alarm. But Sheridan could not be hurried into reckless battle, and it was not until September 19 that the opposing forces clashed. The victory won by Sheridan at the Battle of Winchester, or Opequon, was one of the most important of the war, and it was so received by

the Northern adherents. Sheridan's terse but characteristic dispatch, "We have sent them whirling through Winchester, and we are after them tomorrow," sent a thrill of joy into every Union home. Sheridan was appointed a Brigadier General in the regular army. "The lower Valley was by the battle of the Opequon permanently rescued from Confederate control; its loyal inhabitants saved from further spoliation; . . . The National capital was never again subject to threat or insult from an enemy; the soil of Pennsylvania and Maryland was never again trodden by a hostile foot." [35]

In this battle, the Nineteenth Army Corps played its part right gallantly, and the Twenty-ninth Maine well earned the glory of inscribing as the fourth battle on its honored flag the name "Opequon."

The Confederates established themselves at Fisher's Hill, the strongest position in the Shenandoah, but even here Early found to his surprise that Sheridan, true to his promise to the nation, was after him. The position seemed impregnable; the Union officers and men were astounded at their commander's audacity, but Sheridan seemed to know but one English word on that 22nd day of September, and his "Forward" rang out relentlessly. General Early records, "After a very brief contest, my whole force retired in considerable confusion." The rout was complete; sixty guns were abandoned by the Confederates, a thousand prisoners taken; the rest of Early's command was driven up the Valley in precipitate haste. On the old flag is inscribed another name.

In those mad days and nights, the Twenty-ninth Maine had marching and fighting which its men will never forget. The Valley had been laid waste by the Union forces. Sheridan's troops had come to expect but one command, which they always interpreted into "Go it."

Sheridan, soon after the battle of Fisher's Hill, had gone

to Washington for a conference at the War Department, leaving his forces at Cedar Creek. He returned to Winchester on the evening of October 18th, spent the night there, and the next morning on his favorite horse started back to his army. Soon he heard the heavy guns of battle and began to meet a mad onrush of his soldiers in disorganized retreat. Early had returned and in a night attack surprised and routed Crook's seasoned soldiers. Able generals, among them Rutherford B. Hayes, afterwards President of the United States, strove valiantly against overwhelming numbers. Early had taken some 1400 prisoners. His troops had been up all night and the Union forces were already beginning to hold their own, when up dashed Sheridan on that memorable ride which fixed his fame and popularity forever. Early made his final fruitless attack early in the afternoon, but the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps repulsed it. Before the day was done, Early's troops, the flower of the Confederacy, were so badly beaten that they never recovered. Sheridan's commission as a Major General in the regular army was sent him soon after this battle, and Lincoln wrote him in highest appreciation of "the personal gallantry, military skill, and just confidence in the courage and patriotism of your troops, displayed by you on the 19th day of October at Cedar Run, whereby, under the blessing of Providence, your routed army was reorganized, a great National disaster averted, and a brilliant victory achieved over the Rebels for the third time, in pitched battle, within thirty days." [36]

Those thirty days were memorable ones for the Twenty-ninth Maine! The regiment never fought before as it fought at Cedar Creek, and that battle proved to be the last one of the war for the regiment. It was during the heroic stand in the peach orchard, when things looked dark indeed for the Union forces, that Major Nye (for only the day before he had

been mustered in as Major) received a musket ball in the teeth and was knocked from his horse. This incident is referred to by the Major in his letter to Mr. Dana which appears at the close of this chapter.

Chaplain Knox, who had served the entire terms of the First and Tenth regiments, had joined the Twenty-ninth only the day before this battle of Cedar Creek. At his prayer-meeting held on the eve of battle, a majority of the officers of the regiment and many of the men were present. Mr. Dana in a note from Cedar Creek to his mother on November 1st, thus records the tragic end: "A heavy blow has fallen on our Regiment in the sudden death of Chaplain Knox. He started to ride yesterday morning, when his horse reared and fell over on him. He died in the afternoon."

The succeeding weeks were marked by scarcity of rations, much suffering from the cold, and every reason for discontent; and yet such was the elation of the troops, and such was their confidence in their commander, that their complaints were few.

Not far from Winchester, at Stevenson's Depot, or "Camp Sheridan," as it was familiarly called, the Corps went into winter quarters. Here huts, or shebangs, as the soldiers called them, were built from rough planks hewn from the forest trees. The houses were small but fairly comfortable, each having its stone chimney and fireplace. Fortunately, wood and water were plentiful and good. Mrs. Dana must have been comforted to learn from Corporal Dana that "My shebang is one of the best on the line. My bunk-fellow got a blanketful of straw yesterday on picket, and we each have two woolen blankets, so we have a good bed."

From New Year's Day to nearly the last of February, furloughs of twenty days were freely granted and many of the Maine boys visited their homes. Mr. Dana was not one of the fortunate ones, but he sent the following proxy:

Camp Sheridan, Va.
Jan. 24, 1865.

DEAR MOTHER:

I believe that I received two letters from you last week; Please send me a box with something to eat of such things as you like, but I would prefer, dried apples (10 lbs.) a few pounds of sugar, two or three case knives that are not fit for home use, and one sheath, or mackerel, knife, some socks, with a few quarts of parching corn. We have a corn parcher. If all this doesn't exhaust your benevolence, please put in some mince pies. Mary's ginger-bread went first rate before. I had rather have cheese than salt fish, if you think of sending any. Cans of meat cost too much, but if you persist in sending any, please send condensed milk. You may think that I am rather bold in writing for so much, but Uncle Sam's rations don't hold out. I have to buy candles, sugar, flour and beans, and still we waste none of our Hard Bread. Perhaps we would be healthier to go hungry, but I don't see it.

Your affectionate son,
WOODBURY.

Back came a box well calculated to cheer the soldier's dreary hut. The original inventory of contents reads as follows:

Box packed Feb. 3, 1865.

Bag head cheese	4 boxes condensed milk
2 blackberry	1 corn 1 green peas
2 mustard	Mince pies
Boston ginger bread	Sugar ginger bread
Preserved ginger	Nut candy Nut drops
Roast turkey	Cheese Sugar (white and brown)
Candles 1 doz.	Hose Soap Knives and forks
Corn	Dried apples

Pkg. for Lt. Deane.

Corporal Dana, in a letter to his sister Mary, dated Camp Sheridan, February 28, 1865, thus describes picket duty:

"At certain distances there are groups of men stationed, generally consisting of a corporal or sergeant with four men.

Last night I had four good men with me on one of the best posts, on the edge of the woods, on top of a small hill. The men stand alternately, two hours a piece, as vedettes; the others pass the time in telling stories, reading, playing cards, etc. Generally some of the boys go to the farm houses and get from one to five canteens of milk, and drinking coffee enters largely into the duties of pickets."

The last of February, Sheridan sallied forth from camp with the cavalry, and at Waynesboro captured what was left of Early's force, bringing the 1300 prisoners back with him for the Twenty-ninth Maine to guard. In the Spring came the news presaging the early collapse of the Confederacy; on April 3rd, the official news of the fall of Petersburg and Richmond; on April 9th, the midnight parade at which Major Nye announced Lee's surrender — to be followed on the 15th with the direful news of Lincoln's assassination.

Goodbye was soon said to the Valley of the Shenandoah, and then came Washington once more, with a few weeks of camp life, and the Grand Review of the Potomac and Shenandoah Armies by President Johnson.

The war was over. The work for which the boys of the Twenty-ninth Maine had enlisted was done. What was their disappointment then to learn that, instead of being ordered home where they might take up again their life tasks, orders had come for them to sail for Savannah, Georgia, to aid in the work of reconstruction. They sailed by the comfortable Steamship *Ariel* on June 2, 1865, and were shortly designated with other Maine and Massachusetts troops to serve under General Beal in the military district of eastern South Carolina. The boys do not recall with pleasure the days that followed. Rations were poor, the heat intolerable, flies and fleas a constant annoyance, and the Southern people none too friendly. The Government's plan was to garrison the country, with small forces in every town and village of importance.

A few days were spent in Charlestown, and then the regiment sailed for Georgetown, S. C. This proved to be a homesick place, and the discomfort of the soldiers is reflected in the letters which Mrs. Dana received from her son from this town in June and July. Dr. Day, Surgeon of the Twenty-ninth, writes: "Georgetown is one of the most unhealthy localities in the United States, particularly during the warm weather."

It was while stationed at Georgetown that Mr. Dana was asked to become Hospital Steward. He had been playing his favorite game of chess with Dr. Cotton, and the Doctor had related his difficulties in furnishing proper medicines for the men. It had been almost impossible to roll pills, because of lack of proper materials and appliances. Mr. Dana suggested that if pills could not be rolled they might be cut into squares and would doubtless prove just as efficacious, and he proceeded to help the Doctor manufacture a few with such materials as were at hand. At sick call the next morning, the man who had a lame back received one of the new pills; the man with chills got two of the squares; the soldier with dysentery was instructed to take one before and one after eating. Apparently Dr. Cotton thought that such talent in a layman should be utilized, and he recommended Mr. Dana's appointment as Hospital Steward. After the long march of the troops from Georgetown was over, and headquarters were established in Darlington, S. C., Mr. Dana's letters home were headed "Post Hospital," and his duties were of a new character.

In the middle of August came orders to send home the recruits of the regiment, as distinguished from those who had enlisted as veterans, and some ninety men, including the new Hospital Steward, were accordingly ordered to Augusta, Maine, to be mustered out. Mr. Dana's honorable discharge was dated August 22, 1865.[37]

Who can measure the effect of his army experience on Mr. Dana's life and character? Who can say what manner of

man he would have become had he not participated in that awful struggle? Some men there were who went forth from Christian homes, played their parts as officers or privates in the war, and returned to civil life wrecks of their former selves, physically, morally, or spiritually. Others there were who enlisted with characters yet unformed, potent for good or evil, perhaps even inclined towards weakness or worse, and who after some years of the soldier's life returned to their homes with those characters firmly moulded, their faith established and their habits formed forever, to count from that time forward as men indeed. To neither of these two classes can it be said that Mr. Dana belonged. The war did not hurt him, nor did it make him. To be sure he had his doubts, his perplexities, his yearnings for light out of the darkness, and naturally the temptations and trials common to the soldier's life; and in those long days and nights on picket duty or on detail he found ample time to make the fight which most must make who conquer. And yet those questions and troubles would have come to him in time at home, and when they had come to him there he would have solved them in the mill or in the quiet of the family. But the war did have its effect upon him, and undoubtedly it was for the good. Those who have known him longest and best will doubtless say that because of his war experience he came to know himself sooner and better, to trust in his own powers more implicitly, and to undertake with that confidence which insures success tasks and difficulties which but for his soldier's training and experience he might have avoided altogether. It was an eventful chapter in his life, and for it his nature was richer, his sympathies broader, and his whole being quickened.

South Natick, Mass., June 19th, 1889.

Woodbury K. Dana — Wednesday Eve —

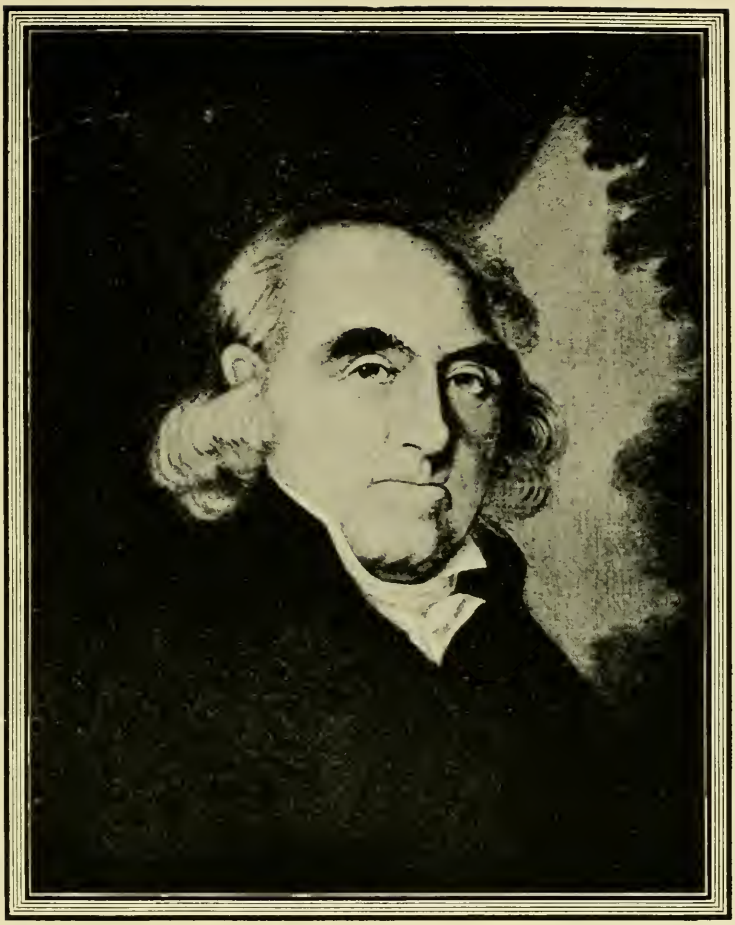
Dear Comrade —

Being alone this eve in my library, my thoughts have taken a backward move, and memory goes back a quarter of century

or more ago. How much history has been written since I enlisted you in Old Central Hall block in 1863 — I remember the time as though it were but yesterday, and how fearful you were that you would not be passed by the surgeon; but you passed and were clothed in Uncle Sam's uniform, with bright brass buttons on the same, and you were "mustered in" at Camp Keyes, Augusta, Me. But little then you thought of what you would be called to pass through during your term of service — of the long and hard marches, hunger, thirst, heat and cold, sleeping on the cold, wet ground, and in clothing wet through; but you passed through it all uncomplainingly and helped to cheer up many a poor soldier who had not the pluck and grit that you possessed. Our campaigns in Louisiana and Virginia were hard ones and many of our poor boys slept their last sleep there far away from the loved ones at home. I remember at Sabine Cross Roads, the 8th of April, 1864, that you left the duties that were assigned you at the rear and came to the front where the battle was raging the fiercest. You did not come as a silent looker on, but as a *worker;* and the sharp crack of your rifle helped us to check the fierce charge of the Rebels, and the day was ours. Then came the hard march that night and the battle of Pleasant Hill the next day. I don't know as all those days are as fresh in your memory as they are in mine, but I will not try to bring to your thoughts those times that can never be forgotten by you or those who took part in them. I can almost hear some of the boys singing "O why did I go for a soldier" — they have all realized ere now what was accomplished by their going — and their children and children's children will ever feel proud that their father or grandfather helped to keep this country together — and should ever our country need defenders they would rally to the call as promptly as we did. Dana, I don't know as I ever thanked you for taking care of me the night after the Battle of Cedar Creek. I know that I was not in condition to give you much "chin music" then, as Rebel bullets don't help a fellow's jaw sometimes — at any rate there was not much wag in mine. Hope I have not wearied you with my rambling this eve, my pen always works free and easy. Remember me kindly to Mrs. Dana and the children.

From your old Commander & Comrade.

G. H. Nye.



Josiah Little

MARRIAGE *and* FAMILY

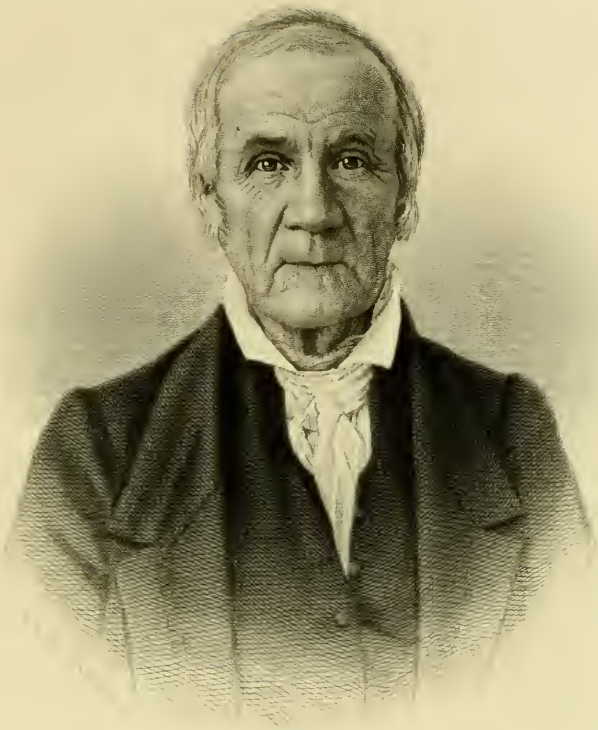
ABOUT that same year, 1640, in which Richard Dana, the emigrant, came to Cambridge, there arrived in Newburyport, Massachusetts, another emigrant from England, destined to be the founder of a long line of men and women "true and upright, having the fear of God before their eyes and serving well their day and generation." This was George Little, whose descendants are to be found in almost every State in the Union. Of notable interest is a representative of the fourth generation in this family — Moses Little. He commanded a regiment in the early days of the Revolution, participated in the battle of Bunker Hill, was officer of the day when Washington took command of the army in Cambridge, and later, on account of ill health, declined a proffered commission as Brigadier General. In civil life, he devoted much attention to the purchase and improvement of wild lands, and with his son, Josiah, became, through purchase and grant, the owner of large tracts on and near the Androscoggin River.[38]

This son, Josiah Little, was a prominent and very influential man in Newburyport. He was a representative to the State Legislature for twenty-five years and served in the Constitutional Convention of 1820. His holdings of wild lands in Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont were extensive, and he amassed a fortune. He was a generous friend of Bowdoin College.

Edward Little was a grandson of Moses Little and son of Josiah. In 1797 he graduated from Dartmouth College, of which his grandfather had been such a benefactor. After studying law in the office of Chief Justice Parsons of Newburyport, he began the active practice of his profession in that town and became County Attorney. Like his father and grandfather, he represented his town in the General Court or State Legislature.

A disastrous fire swept the town in 1811, and Edward Little, one of the heavy sufferers, soon moved to Portland, Maine. It will be remembered that Luther Dana, father of Woodbury K. Dana, had settled in Portland only several years prior to this time. One of the newcomers was a man of thirty-eight, the other a youth in his teens. Edward Little engaged in the book business in Portland, but in 1826 took up his residence in Auburn, where he owned the extensive ancestral lands referred to above. Here he devoted himself to advancing the growth and development of the town and its industries. The first church was the result of his gift of a site and his generous contribution of funds. This was the beginning of the present High Street Church. Throughout his life he was its most prominent supporter. His interest in education led him to establish and endow the Lewiston Falls Academy, an institution whose reputation drew pupils from Portland and other more distant parts of the State. For a period of forty years this academy flourished, and when high schools became the vogue, its trustees gave the grounds and part of the funds to the Town of Auburn; and now the Edward Little High School, with his statue on its grounds, serves to remind the present generation of the generosity and advanced ideas of this sterling citizen.

On January 10, 1799, Mr. Little had married Hannah, daughter of Captain Thomas and Hannah (Merrill) Brown,



Edward Little.

and by her he had eleven children. Of these Hannah was the fourth and was born in Newburyport, February 25, 1804. Another of the children was Edward Toppam Little, father of Professor George T. Little of Bowdoin. Mr. Little's wife died on August 1, 1828, two years after he had settled in Auburn, and in 1831 he married Hannah, widow of Tappam Chase of Portland and daughter of Samuel and Hannah Andrews. They had no children. Mr. Little's second wife was his junior by sixteen years and survived him by nineteen years, his death occurring on September 21, 1849.

Hannah Little, daughter of Edward, on August 2, 1832, married Samuel, son of Jeremiah and Mehitable (Dresser) Pickard. He was born at Rowley, Massachusetts, March 9, 1793. After teaching school there for several years and representing the town in the State Legislature, he moved to Lewiston Falls, Maine, in 1832, and soon became treasurer of one of the manufacturing establishments of the town. He had first married Sarah Coffin, a niece of Josiah Little.

Some time before he came to Lewiston Falls, Samuel Pickard had lost his wife. His marriage, soon after his arrival in Lewiston Falls, to Hannah Little, who, as was said in those days, had stood up with her cousin, Sarah Coffin, at her marriage to Samuel Pickard, was to prove a happy one. He was an ardent temperance advocate, a Trustee of Lewiston Falls Academy, of Bangor Theological Seminary, and an Overseer of Bowdoin College. She was interested in all his activities, devoted to the Congregational Church, and his strong coadjutor in all his charitable work. For many years they lived in Lewiston, but in 1848 they built a commodious house in Auburn, which has but recently been torn down. Mrs. Pickard was a lover of flowers, and an ample conservatory was one of the features of the house.

They had nine children, of whom but five lived to middle life: Sarah Little Pickard, who married Peter Fifield Sanborn,

and now lives in Pasadena, California; Edward Little Pickard, who became a prominent business man in Boston; Charles Weston Pickard, who graduated from Bowdoin in 1857, was a Trustee of that College, and for a long time one of the proprietors of the *Portland Transcript;* John Pickard, for some years a shoe manufacturer in Auburn; and Mary Little Hale Pickard, born January 28, 1849.

Some years after the birth of their last child, Mr. Pickard took a house in Portland in order that his wife might have the benefit of better medical care, as she was somewhat of an invalid during the last of her life. He still maintained the home in Auburn. During a portion of this period the whole family lived in Portland, but at other times the boys of the family lived at the Auburn home with a housekeeper, while the daughters stayed with their mother in Portland. Mr. Pickard divided his time between the two places, and of course all the children were back and forth at times. The Dana and Pickard families had long been acquainted, for Hannah Little and Louisa Kidder, as well as Aunt Chute, were attendants at the same time at Portland Academy. Incidentally, they loved to recall in later years their admiration for a certain handsome schoolmate of theirs, who spoke pieces so splendidly, by the name of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

But it was through this temporary residence of the Pickards in Portland, as just recounted, that the younger members of the two families became acquainted, resulting in a real friendship between two of the boys, John Pickard and Woodbury Dana. They attended the same school, and it was John Pickard who suggested that Woodbury Dana enter the Lewiston Falls Academy when the course in Portland was finished. Mr. Dana still recalls how he went to Lewiston to enter the Academy, assuming that it was located there, and how he finally "chartered a hack" to take him across the long

covered bridge to the real site of the school; he also recalls with very little pleasure his experiences in trying various boarding-places. Here again his friend John Pickard was prompt with a suggestion which resulted in Woodbury Dana going to live at the Pickard home. The two boys were of the same age, and the friendship then begun grew with the passing of the years and ended only at the death of Mr. Pickard in 1901.

After Woodbury K. Dana had finished his course at Lewiston Falls Academy, had given up his mill at Gray and returned to Lewiston to learn the cotton mill business, he found time in spite of his long days and busy evenings to call at the Pickard home upon occasion. It was a refined and beautiful home. He found the boys congenial; he admired the oldest sister, Sarah, and was not unconscious of the heritage in disposition and character of the frail youngest sister, Mary.

But now came the terrible Civil War, and the long separation from family and friends at home. The story of those trying years is told elsewhere in this volume. It was not long after his return from the war and his starting his business in Westbrook that Mr. Dana renewed his visits to Auburn. He became engaged to Mary Little Hale Pickard, and on Monday, August 2, 1869, they were married at the Pickard residence, on the thirty-seventh anniversary of the wedding of Samuel Pickard and Hannah Little. Miss Pickard was attended by her intimate friend, Elizabeth A. Sanborn, stepdaughter of the bride's oldest sister, while Mr. Dana had selected as his best man his brother John. It was unusual enough in those days to be mentioned here that an elaborate wedding breakfast was served by a Portland caterer. The wedding trip was by the Grand Trunk Railway to the White Mountains. The construction of the present Mountain Division of the Maine Central Railroad was not well under way until after their marriage. They went up Mt. Washington by carriage, and

the next morning were fortunate enough to find the usual morning wrapping of fog missing and to have a most gorgeous sunrise from the summit.

None of Mrs. Dana's children remember her father, as he died in 1873, but the older children cherish as a priceless memory the trips to their mother's old home in Auburn, and the lovable grandmother they found there. She was in her seventy-seventh year when she died. Her virtues are extolled in the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs. She was a model housekeeper of the old New England type. In her storeroom, to which she only had the key, the family supplies were kept in generous quantities. The modern city housewife who from her apartments calls the market by telephone in the morning and orders the day's necessities, finding in her kitchenette scant room for an eighth-of-barrel bag of flour, a dollar's worth of sugar and a peck of potatoes, would have stared in amazement at the contents of Mrs. Pickard's larder, with its barrel of sugar, bag of coffee, winter's supply of vegetables, its firkins of lard and butter, its barrel of soft soap, and its wealth of general provisions. Thanksgiving time would find the pork-barrel full, the preserves and jellies abundant, and on the shelves a full hundred pies for the winter.

Mr. Dana and his bride began housekeeping on Brown Street in Westbrook in a house which Mr. Dana purchased. There they remained eight years, and there Louise, Hannah and Ethel were born. For a part of this time, Aunt Lois, widow of Nathaniel Dana, was a member of the household. Philip's birthplace was Portland, the family that summer occupying Mr. Charles Pickard's house on Cushman Street. While Ethel was still a baby the family moved to the Haskell house near the old North School, and here Helen and Luther were born. Pleasant, indeed, to the older children are the memories which cluster around this place. There were the

Samuel Pickard

frog-pond, the horse-chestnut trees, the haymows, old Max, and all those other delights of childhood. And yet some of the attractions had their drawbacks. To this day two of the children wonder how their father ever knew of their forbidden walks on the railroad, and why he could not have deferred, until Uncle Howard left, that one memorable spanking of their childhood.

In 1881, Mr. Dana purchased the present house on Mechanic Street. As the oldest child was only eleven when the family first occupied this house, and as the greater part of all their lives with their parents was spent here, all the children look upon this as their real Westbrook home. Here Mary was born, and here the daughters were married. From some of the furnishings of this home a fair idea may be had of the character and comfort of the homes where Mr. Dana and Mrs. Dana spent their youth. Thus from the Pickard home in Auburn came the sitting-room andirons, the large mahogany sofa, the sewing table, the large library table, several odd chairs, the rosewood chairs and tête-à-tête, silver coffee-urn and large pewter platter; while from the Portland home of Luther Dana came the large mirror in the sitting-room, the wing chair, hall table, secretary and odd chairs, all beautiful mahogany furniture of character. In the upper hall is found a bit of the childhood handiwork of Mrs. Dana's mother in the remarkable map of the world.

It was about the time that the family moved to the Mechanic Street house that Miss Mary L. Dana, an older sister of Mr. Dana, came to make her home with the family, and she remained with them some years. Well read, a good conversationalist, interested in church and social affairs, she was wont to read much aloud to the children from such books as the Iliad, Odyssey, Robin Hood, and the English poets. To a far greater extent, Mrs. Dana has always indulged in

this practice, and her sons and daughters prize beyond measure their recollections of those happy hours when all unconsciously they were laying the foundations for a knowledge of good literature.

While the children were still young, some half a dozen happy summers were spent at Falmouth Fireside. One vacation season was passed at Prout's Neck. Later, South Harpswell was selected as the summer home, and for almost a quarter of a century now the family have spent several months of each year at this fascinating place. The first cottage was burned with all the others of Auburn Colony, but the attractive house which took its place is enshrined in the affection of all the children and grandchildren. Mr. Dana has always been generous with his time and counsel in the affairs of the Auburn-Harpswell Association, and for several years he was President of this successful co-operative organization. As the daughters have married and moved away, their children have come to associate Grandfather and Grandmother Dana even more with Harpswell, perhaps, than with Westbrook, and the eagerness with which these grandchildren look forward to going to Harpswell each summer would alone warrant even more space being devoted to this summer home. Many a family reunion, and many a jolly house-party have its hospitable walls sheltered. Teddy's Grove, Look-out Point, Whaleboat, the old Tide Mill — were there ever more charming places? Such clambakes and picnics, such sailing parties and fishing trips — and at the close of each delightful day, such a wondrous setting of the sun!

Reference has been made elsewhere to Mr. Dana's interest in schools and in education in general. It may be added that Mrs. Dana's interest has always been fully as active. Each one of their seven children received the diploma of the Westbrook High School; Louise later graduated from Dana Hall,

Original Mill of Dana Warp Mills

Wellesley, Mass.; Hannah took her degree from Wellesley; Philip and Luther graduated from Bowdoin; Helen, from Abbott Academy; Ethel and Mary, from Wheaton Seminary; while Ethel later took the course at Pratt Institute. Marion, daughter of Frank J. Dana, and a member of her Uncle Woodbury's family from early childhood, was also a graduate of Wheaton, as well as of Westbrook High School.

DANA WARP MILLS

AFTER the war Mr. Dana worked for a while in the mills at Lewiston, but he was about ready to begin his life work as an independent manufacturer. In 1866, with Thomas McEwan, he formed a copartnership under the firm name of Dana & McEwan for the purpose of manufacturing cotton warps at Saccarappa Falls in Westbrook. The partnership articles were prepared by Thomas Brackett Reed, then a practicing attorney in Portland, and they were signed in Reed's presence in the Dana store on Commercial Street. In the winter of 1866, the machinery was hauled from Portland on sleds and installed in the mill. This was a small, two-story, frame building, painted red, located on a site near the centre of the present mill location. At the start, machinery was installed to run six hundred spindles, and before the first year was over three hundred more had been added.

Mr. McEwan took no active part in the running of the mill, and after a few years sold out his interest to Mr. Dana. The two men remained firm friends, as is evidenced by the fact that when the mill was destroyed by fire in 1893 Mr. McEwan was among the first to proffer financial assistance.

By 1873, the business had outgrown its quarters and was moved to a larger mill located on Main Street just above the Foster & Brown Machine Shop. Only six years passed before a larger mill was required, and in 1879 the plant was

Mrs. Samuel Pickard

located on the island at Saccarappa Falls. Here was room for growth, and it was needed. More than a dozen additions were made to this mill before it, too, had to be abandoned.

In the meantime, for a short period, Mr. Dana had associated with him as a partner his brother, Frank J. Dana, under the firm name of W. K. Dana & Co. After the dissolution of this firm, Mr. Dana continued in the business alone until 1892, when he organized a corporation under the name of Dana Warp Mills, with a capital stock of $130,000, of which $90,000 was paid in. On Labor Day, 1893, the plant was practically destroyed by fire. The old wooden buildings, with floors soaked with oil, burned like forest trees, while the loose cotton and yarns in process furnished all that was needed to spread the flames throughout the plant. It looked as though the labor of years would be lost in a night. But the next day Mr. Dana had builders on the ground and was making his plans for a larger and better establishment. The new mill had some seven thousand spindles, and was better equipped in every way to carry on the business of its founder.

In 1896, a freshet occurred, sweeping away the bridges and flooding a portion of the plant. The mill was on an island indeed, but a rope ferry was devised and shipping was carried on, even if under difficulties, while a new bridge was building. In 1900, the brick Gingham Mill was purchased, furnishing a large and well-planned building, admirably adapted to the growing business. During the next three years this new plant was filled with up-to-date machinery; the spinning spindles were increased from 8,000 to 40,000; 1,200 twister spindles were in operation; forty looms were engaged in making seamless grain-bags; and a picker-room, dyehouse, and boiler-room were added.

In 1908, the size of the mill was doubled; the Island mill was abandoned; and the plant was increased to 52,000 spinning

spindles and 10,000 twister spindles, which is its present size. Since 1908, three additions have been made to the dyehouse, and now it can dye the entire product of the mill, which amounts to 80,000 pounds of yarn each week. Only recently a new dyeing plant has been installed for dyeing warps on the beam. It is the first yarn mill in the country to be so equipped, and only six other plants in the United States are known to have adopted the system.

The corporation, as originally organized in 1892, had as its President, Mr. Lyman M. Cousens of Portland, while Mr. W. K. Dana was Treasurer and General Manager. Mr. Cousens served continuously as President of the Company until his death in 1911. After graduating from Bowdoin College in 1896, Mr. Philip Dana, older son of Mr. W. K. Dana, took a course in the Philadelphia Textile School and then began to assist his father in the management of the mill. In 1902, Mr. Luther Dana finished his course at Bowdoin and immediately took up his share of the work and responsibility in the rapidly growing plant. The present officers of the corporation are as follows: President, Philip Dana; Treasurer, W. K. Dana; Superintendent, Luther Dana.

The product of the mill was first sold through Deering, Milliken & Co. of Portland. The successors of this firm continued to handle the Dana Warp Mills output until the death in 1911 of Mr. Cousens, who at the time of his death was not only head of the commission house of L. M. Cousens & Co., but also, as stated above, President of the Dana Warp Mills. On January 1, 1912, the company began to sell its own products direct, without the assistance of a commission house, and has since continued this plan.

The foregoing epitome[39] of the history of the development of Dana Warp Mills conveys but an inadequate idea of the remarkable success attending this enterprise. It is a success

due to painstaking attention to details, to an intimate knowledge of every branch of the business, and to unswerving honesty on the part of the founder. Those tireless days at menial tasks in the Lewiston mills, that moderate but sure preparation at every stage, and that grim determination to win, all counted towards the ultimate goal. The character of the man who made the goods is stamped on the goods themselves. Dana warps are known far and wide as sterling products. They have always been made upon honor. For years they have sold themselves.

"Dana warps have been favorably known to the trade for forty years. Men who, out of friendship, perhaps, began to patronize the maker of these warps in the sixties, are today his best customers, simply because experience has shown them that the product shipped them is always standard, its color fast, its count correct and its supply certain. To keep a customer satisfied for half a century is no mean test of the value of goods supplied him. Mr. Dana does not believe in obsolete machines or methods; everything must be strictly up-to-date. The quality of his product is due to the use of the best-known appliances, skilled labor, and intelligent supervision."[40]

One of the causes contributing to the success obtained by Mr. Dana has been the ingenuity or inventiveness which has characterized his whole business life. With this must be coupled the natural inquisitiveness of his mind. If a machine works well, why can it not be made to work better? And immediately his thoughts are trained on the possibility of another arrangement of parts, a different alignment of gears, a more practical adaptation of the mechanism. In his plant he has aimed to keep ahead of his competitors. One of his common expressions has been, "I don't want anybody treading on my heels." He has kept in closest touch with manufac-

turers of machinery, and has always been one of the first to test any invention which promised good results. He has encouraged his employees to experiment in the Company's machine-shop, and has generously recognized the result of their efforts and their skill.

For many years Mr. Dana has had in mind the great possibilities of picking cotton in the field by machinery. He has been firm in his belief that, great as was the boon conferred by Whitney and his cotton-gin, greater still would be the blessing bestowed by him who should invent a practical cotton harvester. For a quarter of a century at least he has experimented and worked on this problem. He has taken his machines South and put them to practical tests in the fields. Long ago he had produced and patented a machine which would do the work of several men and which his friends and the newspapers acclaimed as a success. But from each trial in the cotton field he has returned with a determination to improve his harvester in some particular which he deemed unsatisfactory, and always he has insisted that he could make a more perfect machine.

The picture on another page shows the harvester as it is today, ready to be sent on another trial in the cotton fields, from which Mr. Dana believes it will return to serve as a model for the manufacture of the machine on a large scale.

Mrs. Woodbury K. Dana

Aged about 30

PUBLIC ACTIVITIES

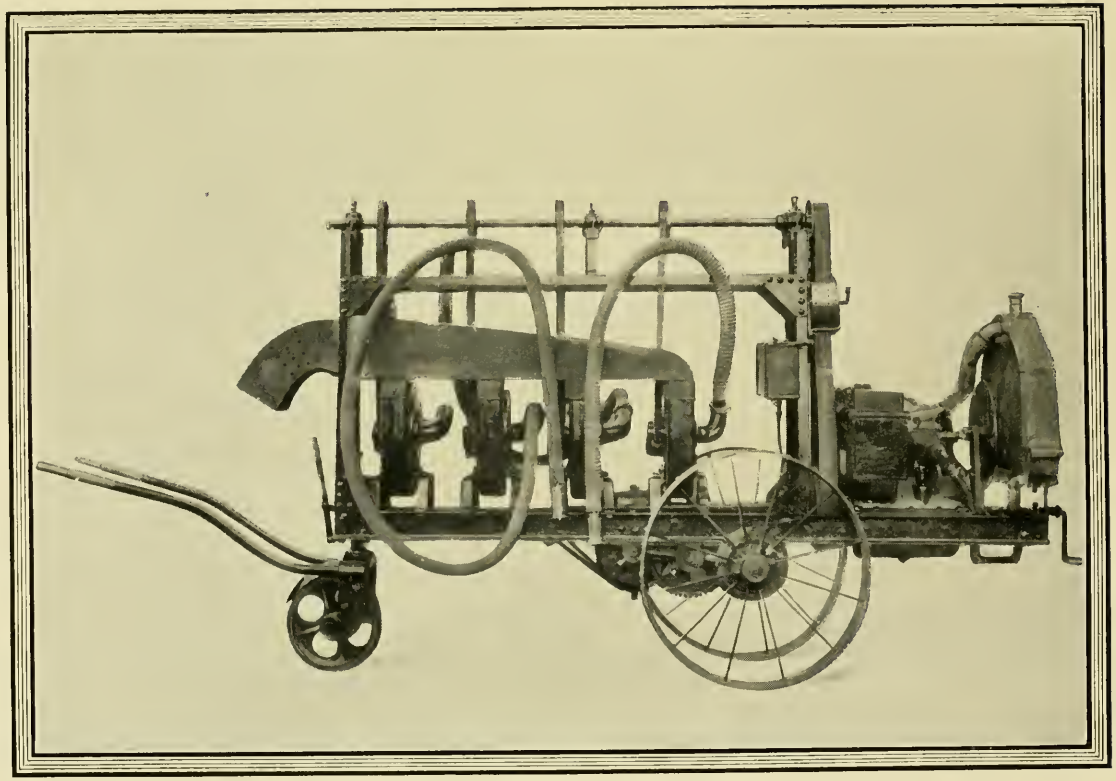
TO say of Mr. Dana that he has always been greatly interested in politics is to speak very mildly. His interest has never flagged. At the approach of an election he becomes absorbed. His advice is sought by the local leaders of the party, but his aid by counsel and suggestion is a small part of his contribution to the cause. No detail is too small to merit his personal attention, no task too difficult for him to accomplish. Like his father before him, he is a Republican to the core, and, again like his father, his interest in politics is not that of a politician. He has never had any personal ambition to gratify, he has desired no office, he has sought no preferment of any kind. For many years he served on the local Republican Committee. His work for his party has been with an unfailing belief that he thus best serves the common good. Yet with all his zeal, and notwithstanding all his strenuous partisan work, he has never been accused of being anything but honorable in his political warfare. Some of his warmest friends are found in the opposing party. He is a generous antagonist. If the Democrats elect their Mayor, that official, in every attempt to better civic conditions, can rely with confidence on the man who did his utmost to defeat him.

In the good old town meeting days, before Deering had been set off from Westbrook and while the Town Hall still stood at Brighton's Corner, many a battle royal was waged

within its walls. Mr. Dana loved to be in the thick of the contest. Later, when the project of changing the form of government to that of city was agitated, Mr. Dana was ready for the innovation. He was interested to see the new municipality started under favorable auspices, and his work and his counsel counted in the selection of Mayor Valentine and the first City Council. Some years later, he was Alderman at Large and was chosen President of the City Council. As presiding officer he was firm but impartial, and looked sharply after the dispatch of business.

In state and national politics, Mr. Dana has shown the same active interest. His influence has been exerted to bring to the state the best speakers obtainable. In every campaign he has worked on the theory that in an election as on a battlefield every man must do his part — that one man's example and effort may win or lose the cause. The Home Market Club, with its meetings in Boston addressed by speakers of national reputation, has found in Mr. Dana an interested and active member. At one time he was Vice-President of the organization, while he and his son, Philip Dana, have frequently served on its important committees. In 1914, he was delegated to the Republican National Convention at Chicago. The local newspaper in its issue of April 8, 1914, quoted with strong approval the words of a writer in the *Portland Daily Press:*

> "Among Grand Army and business men of Cumberland County a strong sentiment has arisen in favor of Hon. W. K. Dana of Westbrook. A choice more acceptable to the multitude who look upon him as a personal friend could not be made. While at first reluctant to have his name used, Mr. Dana was finally prevailed upon to be a candidate, and his friends in the county fully expect that he will be named as a delegate to the national convention. For years a tireless worker in the Republican party, he is known far and near to be as fearless as indefati-



Dana Cotton Harvester

gable. A man of culture and of unusual business sagacity, he has ever given of his best at the party's call, and it is with much satisfaction that the prominent Republicans of the district learn that his name will be placed before the convention."

In local affairs, politics has always been with Mr. Dana merely a means to an end. He has desired to see his city have every advantage possible. He worked unceasingly to secure a general sewerage system for the town, and, when the question was to be voted on, his characteristic method of soliciting votes was to have public lectures on the subject delivered, at his expense, by a prominent Portland physician. Again, when the need of better lighting for the city's streets and homes became apparent, he installed an electric light plant which he managed and controlled until its success was assured.

Engrossed with the cares of his large manufacturing business, devoted to his family, faithful beyond most others in his attendance at the regular gatherings of his church and parish, liberal with his time to assist in political matters, a loyal G. A. R. man, that Mr. Dana yet found time to devote to other civic duties is remarkable; nevertheless there is one more activity that stands out strikingly in his active career — his work on behalf of the public schools of his adopted city. For years he kept in touch with their requirements and their standards by personal visitation, by conversations with the pupils, and by conference with the teachers and officials. He served as a valued member of the building committee of the model Forest Street Grammar School, and for years acted as one of the trustees of the Thatcher Grammar School Fund. In the disposition of the income of this fund, he favored a liberal policy.

When Westbrook's model public library, the Walker Memorial Library, was established in 1894 from funds

bequeathed by Mr. Joseph Walker of Portland, Mr. Dana was one of the original trustees representing the city. The following year he became President of the Board of Trustees and Regents, and served as such for three years. He was again appointed regent in 1903, and served continuously for a period of ten years. In 1913, he was appointed by the Probate Court as one of the trustees under Mr. Walker's will, and by virtue of that appointment became a trustee of the library for life.[41]

Mr. Dana has been a member of the Westbrook Congregational Church since he located in Westbrook. For some years he has been one of its deacons. From youth up, he has been a devoted attendant upon the regular services of the church, both on Sunday and mid-week. Thoroughly versed in the precepts and teachings of the Bible, he has made them the rule and guidance of his life. Trained as a child and young man to the strictest observance of the Sabbath, he has consistently practiced all his days the scriptural injunctions in relation to that day. His religion has never been a one-day affair. His soul is steeped in it. It has been with him in all his business affairs; it has permeated his very being, and is impressed on his every act. And yet he has offended none by his religious attributes. There has been no ostentation, no flaunting of creed or principles, no forcing of his views on others, nor the slightest indication of an attempt to capitalize his well-known stand for righteousness and upright living. In a word, he is and always has been a Christian gentleman. The minister has always been able to count on the active co-operation of this member of his church in every cause. Liberal with his time and money, wise in his charities, simple and unaffected in his professions, believing in the force of example, he has been a tower of strength in the church and in the community.

Woodbury K. Dana
Aged about 65

Outside of his church and business, no other affiliation perhaps has held greater interest for Mr. Dana through the years than the Grand Army of the Republic. The whole conception of this organization, its aims, its constituency, its idea of mutual helpfulness for its members, all appealed to him. Happy in their choice of a name for the order, wise in their decision to keep aloof from political entanglements, fortunate indeed in their selection of a motto and an emblem, those who formulated the plan and directed the development of this splendid organization deserve high praise, for the G. A. R. for half a century has been far more than a mere order or society; it has been a national asset. For inculcating lessons of patriotism in our school-children, and for instilling in the minds of all our citizens a desire to know the events and lessons of the great Civil War, there has been no greater agency. Memorial Day, through its efforts and example, has been one of the nation's holy days.

Mr. Dana joined Cloudman Post, No. 100, at Westbrook, Maine, as a charter member on December 27, 1883. He immediately became a trustee and has served as such continuously since. Constant in his attendance and ever ready to do his part, he has always been regarded by his comrades as a true exponent of the principles for which their order stands. Many a wearer of the bronze button has had reason to feel that Mr. Dana believes in living up to the motto of the G. A. R. — Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty.

For some time there had been a growing feeling among Mr. Dana's Grand Army friends that he should become the head of the state organization. At the state encampment in 1907, he received a strong support for the position. In a circular issued in behalf of his candidacy by Cloudman Post and signed by the Commander and Past Commanders of that Post, it was stated: "We believe Mr. Dana is unusually

well fitted to fill this position, both on account of his standing as an old and faithful member of our organization, and also on account of his position as one of the leading manufacturers of our state. . . His well-known strenuous activity to carry along to a successful termination anything that he undertakes will tend to make the G. A. R. members regard him as suitable for the office of Department Commander at the next election."

In 1908, the State Encampment was held at Auburn, and his supporters were determined to see him elected. Among the Past Department Commanders who had seats of honor on the platform of the convention hall, none were held in higher esteem than Gen. Charles P. Mattocks and Frederick Robie, the first a distinguished veteran of two wars, the latter a former governor of the State of Maine, and perhaps the oldest veteran in the assemblage.

When nominations for Department Commander were in order, General Mattocks spoke strongly and tellingly in favor of Woodbury K. Dana. Then Governor Robie addressed the convention. His words commanded respect; his advocacy carried weight. In seconding the nomination of Mr. Dana, he said, "I have the pleasure of a long and intimate acquaintance with him, and have always found him on the right side, ready to advance the best interests of the state and nation by earnest and constant work. His military life during the Civil War shows that he was active and efficient, always ready to do his full duty. . . . Since the war he has been a member of Cloudman Post, No. 100, G. A. R., and no comrade has given more continuous and industrious work for the benefit of its members and the prosperity of the organization, than Woodbury K. Dana. . . In his church and parish, in his political party, in society, in the army, and afterwards in the G. A. R., he has always been a prominent and leading man representing honesty and the true type of high personal character. It is

often said, that 'a man is not without honor except in his own country.' This is reversed by Comrade Woodbury K. Dana. No man has greater honor or is more highly esteemed than Woodbury K. Dana in the city of Westbrook and the surrounding locality."

Much to the same effect was the speech of John E. Warren, who had known Mr. Dana in the business life of Westbrook for many years. Mr. Warren was followed by Rev. J. True Crosby, George D. Bisbee, and Augustus N. Linscott, all of whom spoke highly of their candidate's qualifications for the post. Other names were placed in nomination, but when the votes were counted, Mr. Dana was declared elected Department Commander for the ensuing year. It is of interest to note that at this Encampment at Auburn the official reports presented showed that the number of Posts in the state on December 31, 1907, was 150, and that the number of members in good standing on that date was 5235.

The following year was an active one for Department Commander Dana. Accompanied by members of his staff, he visited officially some twenty-two Posts in various parts of the State. All the Posts in Washington County united for the Camp Fire at Machias. He also participated in the dedication of the Soldiers' Monument at Madison, an occasion made notable by the presence of Generals Chamberlain, Tilden, and Dyer.

In September, came the Forty-second National Encampment at Toledo, Ohio, attended by the Department Commander and many comrades from the State of Maine. On the return trip, Washington was visited, and a special trip was made to the battlefield of Gettysburg.

Throughout his term as Department Commander, Mr. Dana was called upon to address Posts and Camp Fires, and

both his formal addresses and his informal talks and reminiscences were highly praised by those who heard him. His sense of humor, his gentle dignity, and his fund of anecdote won him friends on all sides. It must be conceded that the old soldier has an advantage over most other speakers in that he has a never-failing source of interesting anecdotes, which in a way are part of the nation's history, on which he may always draw; and the contrast between the times of which he tells and those in which his auditors are living is so striking as to hold attention. To attempt to record these stories as told at the Camp Fires is futile — they must be heard as told to be appreciated. On one occasion, when the comrades had done full justice to the dinner prepared by the members of the Relief Corps, Mr. Dana's mind reverted to old days in the Shenandoah when the foraging was poor and the rations scant; and he told in his straightforward way of the meal he and his messmates concocted by mixing a pan of middlings with water, greasing the skillet with an antiquated piece of pork rind which had outlived its usefulness for oiling musket barrels, and then frying these flapjacks over a smoking fire in the rain.

His friends often remark that Mr. Dana usually presents an uncommon aspect of the matter under discussion, or draws attention to a particular phase of the subject with some apt and striking illustration. So at the Forty-second Annual State Encampment in Portland in June, 1909, in speaking of the secession of the South and of the real opposition to that movement by some of the ablest Southerners, Department Commander Dana in his formal address to the Encampment drove his point home with telling effect by reading the patriotic and stirring speech made by Alexander H. Stephens, later Vice-President of the Confederacy, at the Secession Convention of Georgia. No man in public life, no senator, orator, or

Soldiers and Sailors' Monument

advocate of peace, from the North, could have surpassed this effort of this courageous Southerner, and the futility of his effort to stay the mad rush of his people to war is not to his discredit.

Following this Annual Encampment at Portland, when Mr. Dana ended his official duties as Department Commander, he extended an invitation to all the G. A. R. men in attendance to be his guests for a sail down Casco Bay and a shore dinner at Peaks Island. Over four hundred participated, and the day was one long to be remembered by all.

It was with not a little hesitation that Mr. Dana had decided to become a candidate for the honorable but arduous position of Department Commander; his family and intimate associates had been prone to question the wisdom of his undertaking such a responsibility and care; but the ease with which he accomplished his work, the pleasing manner in which he discharged his official duties, and the universal satisfaction which his incumbency gave his comrades fully justified his decision. It was a year full of gratification to the Department Commander, his official staff, and all the bronze-button heroes of the State. Its close was fittingly signalized by the following resolution adopted upon his retirement at the Forty-second Annual Encampment.

> "Resolved, That the veteran soldiers of the Department of Maine, G. A. R., recognize and appreciate the continued and eminent service of Woodbury K. Dana, Commander of the G. A. R. Department of the State of Maine, during his official services 1908-09, and all convey to him our feeling of the warmest gratitude and respect for his untiring efforts to serve the best interests of our organization during his official term of office and bear to him our warmest appreciation. . . ."

Soon after the close of his term as Department Commander, Mr. Dana received this striking invitation:

Brunswick, Maine.
June 11, 1909.

Hon. Woodbury K. Dana
Westbrook, Maine.

Dear Comrade Dana,

In high appreciation of the sterling qualities of heart and mind that characterize your intercourse with your fellow men, and especially with us, your comrades, and to emphasize the same, we cordially invite you to be our guest at New Meadows Inn at as early a day as may suit your convenience. It is our purpose to have the dinner modest and informal, but joyous withal, and earnestly requesting your early acceptance, we beg to remain,

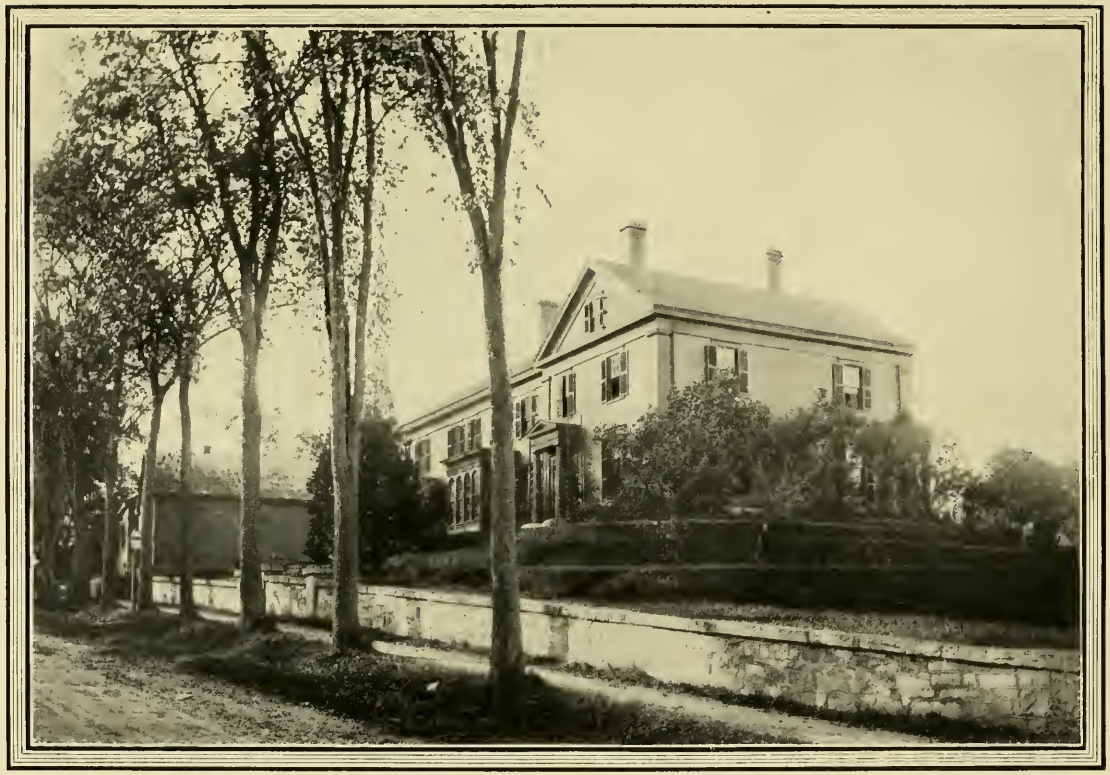
Sincerely your friends,

This letter bore the autograph signatures of the following comrades who had been of his official family:

Ray P. Eaton, *Judge Advocate*
William H. Holston, *Assistant Adjutant General*
Francis A. Cloudman, *Assistant Quartermaster General*
John W. Webster, *Department Chaplain*
John H. McGregor, *Medical Director*
Isaac P. Davis, *Junior Vice Commander*
Humphrey E. Webster, *Senior Vice Commander*
Lucius C. Morse, *Department Patriotic Instructor*
Murray B. Watson, *Chief Mustering Officer*
Charles F. Smith, *Department Inspector*
Frederick A. Motley, *Chief of Staff*
Cyrus T. Wardwell, *Junior Aid-de-camp*

It was also signed by Ex-Governors Frederick Robie and Henry B. Cleaves, and by Gen. Charles P. Mattocks, Dr. Mitchell, Hon. John E. Warren, and several others.

At the dinner which took place at New Meadows Inn, a most delightful reunion of these comrades and friends was had, and Mr. Dana was presented with a Department Commander's badge. Perhaps no other occasion stands out more conspicuously in Mr. Dana's Grand Army experience for whole-souled good-fellowship than this gathering.



Birthplace of Mrs. Woodbury K. Dana

Half a century had elapsed since the close of the Civil War, and as yet Westbrook had placed no monument to her honored sons who represented her in that struggle. Gradually, however, the idea took root that such a memorial must be erected. Several members of the Relief Corps went quietly to work, determined that the matter must be no longer deferred. A Monument Association was organized and the raising of funds was soon well under way. All concerned were of one mind, that the monument should be a fitting tribute to the soldiers and sailors whose brave service was to be commemorated.

While the various committees were diligently at work raising funds and working out the many details incident to their undertaking, Mr. Woodbury K. Dana offered on behalf of himself and his wife to present to the city a bronze figure of heroic size, provided the city would give the site and secure a suitable base or pedestal to complete the monument. His offer was gratefully accepted; Riverbank Park was selected as the site, and the raising of the necessary funds to purchase the pedestal was soon completed. Mr. Dana and his wife were particularly happy in their choice of a memorial figure. It is the work of Alice Ruggles Kitson, and represents the young soldier fully equipped for battle, marching with a swing and an air that are inspiring. The bronze was cast by the Gorham Manufacturing Company of Providence. The pedestal is of Barre granite, of good proportions, and bears three bronze tablets suitably inscribed to commemorate the bravery of Westbrook's sons in defense of their country. The whole monument is unusually pleasing, and reflects credit on the Monument Association which undertook its erection.

The dedication of the monument took place on the Fourth of July, 1917, and the occasion was a memorable one for the city, for the surviving veterans of the Civil War, and

for the various organizations represented at the ceremony. The dedicatory exercises were of unusual merit and interest. A grand parade of civic organizations, fraternal societies, and military contingents traversed the city streets, halting at the stand about the monument, where the formal unveiling took place.[42]

Mrs. Woodbury K. Dana

CELEBRATION

MEMORIES of the seventh day of June, 1916, will not soon fade away. The grandchildren of the man so signally honored on that occasion will tell their children of the respect and love manifested on every hand and by every participant in the celebration. For weeks following the suggestion of a prominent citizen, plans had been quietly and thoroughly made; every detail had received attention; and willing hands had wrought marvels in decorative and picturesque effects. Throughout these days of preparation on the part of numerous committees, organizations, and individuals, Mr. Dana went about his daily affairs serenely unconscious that his fellow-townsmen were planning something unique and out of the ordinary for his benefit. Only a few hours before the eventful day dawned had he any intimation that his city was uniting to do him honor.

The mills closed early that afternoon — the busy wheels of industry stood still, as though they, too, must pay their silent tribute. And then, with that simplicity which must mark all memorable occasions, the day really began. Five hundred school children in gala dress marched through the decorated streets to Mr. Dana's residence on Mechanic Street. They formed in an open square before the house, while their spokesman, a lad of the ninth grade in the Grammar School, presented to Mr. Dana a bunch of seventy-six carnations, for this day is his seventy-sixth birthday as well as the fiftieth anniversary of his business career in Westbrook.

Refreshments were served on the grounds, and then the recessional began. Two by two the children marched, the League of the Sacred Heart in uniforms of blue with scarlet caps and insignia, the girls of the Parochial School in dresses of white, giving evidence that the day was to know no more of creed than of rank or politics.

And then, through the thronged streets overhung with bunting, moved the military and civic parade. Along the business streets, thronged with thousands of spectators from this and neighboring towns, the line of march was followed, cheer after cheer greeting the various features. The companies from the fire department each bearing an immense American flag which stretched from curb to curb, the League of the Sacred Heart in striking uniform, the Girls' Club in white, the Grand Army — all these and others received generous applause.

Bringing up the rear of the procession came the employees of the Dana Warp Mills, the girls one great body of white, the men a regiment of citizen soldiers — each representative of the mill bearing a pennant with the legend:

1866–1916
DANA

while borne aloft over all these marchers were two beautiful white banners, corded and fringed, and handsomely inscribed in gold letters:

HON. WOODBURY K. DANA'S
50TH YEAR IN BUSINESS
IN WESTBROOK
1866–1916

At Bridge Street the parade was reviewed. Mr. Dana and his family, Mayor Trafton, and President Gray of the Board of Trade were stationed here as the ranks filed by.

None could doubt the spontaneity and sincerity of the cheers which every company raised as it marched past the reviewing stand. Enthusiastic and honest tribute to their respected fellow-townsman was shown by every group and by all the spectators.

After the parade came the public reception to Mr. Dana in the hall of the Westbrook Girls' Social Club. The rooms were handsomely decorated with flowers and evergreens, and American flags were freely displayed. In the receiving line with Mr. Dana and his wife were Miss Louise W. Dana, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Dana, Mr. and Mrs. Luther Dana, Mayor and Mrs. Trafton, and Mr. George B. Gray, President of the Board of Trade. And such an outpouring of the citizens of Westbrook! And such congratulations and heartfelt good wishes as were extended that night! By inference, Matthew would have us understand that a prophet is without honor in his own country, and in his own house. By overwhelming testimony on that memorable evening, was it settled that Woodbury Kidder Dana in the judgment of his fellow-citizens had nothing of the prophet in his make-up. A crowd, equal in numbers to twenty-five per cent. of all the men, women, and children in the City of Westbrook, pressed toward the receiving line with cordial greetings.

From the reception rooms, the scene shifted to the Star Theatre, where an elaborate program had been arranged. After music by a local orchestra, Rev. Harry E. Townsend, Pastor of the First Universalist Church, spoke of the meaning of the occasion and paid high tribute to Mr. Dana as a man and as a citizen. Through the evening the stereopticon threw on the screen, pictures full of local interest; everybody appreciated the pictures of Mr. Dana at various ages, as a boy of twelve, as a soldier in the Civil War, as he looked when he came to town fifty years before, and as he appears today,

and all were equally glad to see various pictures of Mrs. Dana. There were motion pictures showing the mill and its activities and various scenes about town.

Mr. Philip Dana, the present President of the Dana Warp Mills, gave an historical sketch of the founding and growth of the mills, while the stereopticon showed pictures illustrative of the growth of the plant from its modest beginnings to its present proportions. After an original song written for the occasion by Mrs. Isabelle T. Ray had been sung by the quartette, short speeches laudatory of Mr. Dana were made by Frank P. Pride, Esq., local attorney; Mr. Joseph A. Warren of the Warren Paper Mills; Rev. Dorr A. Hudson, Pastor of the Westbrook Congregational Church; Rev. Philip Desjardins of the Catholic Church: Mr. Edwin J. Haskell, representing the Haskell Silk Mills; Mr. Harlan P. Murch, for many years a neighbor and friend; and Mr. William Holston, representing Cloudman Post, G. A. R.

Then Mr. Thurston S. Burns, with whom originated the idea of celebrating this twofold anniversary, in a speech characteristic for its brevity and heartiness, presented to Mr. Dana, in behalf of the citizens of Westbrook, a silver loving cup bearing the inscription:

Presented to
Woodbury K. Dana
by his
Friends and the Citizens of Westboook
on the
Fiftieth Anniversary
of the
Founding of his Business in this City
and his
Seventy-sixth Birthday
June 7, 1916

Dana Warp Mills.

JAMES H. LAMB CO.

When the applause had ceased, Harry Lowell, in behalf of the employees of Dana Warp Mills, spoke of the affection and high regard in which Mr. Dana was held by all of those in his employ, and feelingly presented a beautiful diamond scarfpin as an anniversary gift from the employees.

It had been an epochal day for Mr. Dana; the very depths of his nature had been stirred by the honest expression of good cheer and affectionate regard shown throughout the exercises of the afternoon and evening; but he left his seat among his family, and, taking the stage, feelingly expressed his appreciation for all the evidence of esteem shown him by his friends that day. The audience joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne," and the celebration of the 7th of June became but a loving memory both for him whom the day so conspicuously honored and for those who so wisely and bravely gave to the living what is too often reserved for the departed friend.

Of all the days which stand out in Westbrook's history, this may well be said to be unique. Never before had the citizens joined in one whole-souled attempt to show their respect and esteem for one of their own number while he was still active in their city's affairs; no other occasion can be found which parallels this. It was a most fitting and gracious recognition of those sterling qualities of manhood, exhibited on every occasion, over a period of half a century, by one of the city's most loyal sons, Woodbury K. Dana.

APPENDIX

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

1. *History of Cambridge.* Elliot.
2. *Stage Coach and Tavern Days.* Alice Morse Earle.
3. *History of Cambridge.* Elliot.
4. ibid.
5. ibid.
6. Paige, *History of Cambridge*, page 462.
7. Maclear, *Early New England Towns*, page 127.
8. *Johns Hopkins Historical Studies*, Vol. 1, page 1.
9. I have accepted this date as given by Rev. John Jay Dana in "*Descendants of Richard Dana*," and in *New England Genealogy* (Lewis Publishing Co.).
10. A very readable article on prominent members of the Dana family appears in *Munsey's Magazine* for 1896. The article has many portraits, and shows the Coat of Arms used by the family. In connection with this chapter, see also: Farmer's *Register of First Settlers in New England; New England Historical and Genealogical Register; Social Life in Old New England*, Crawford; *Customs and Fashions in Old New England*, Earle; *Beginnings of New England*, Fiske.
11. Bacon's *History of Natick* has been followed for many of the facts relating to the early history of the town. I have also drawn from the published *Historical Collections of South Natick.* The facts relating to the election of Lieut. Ephraim Dana as Selectman have been gleaned from "*The First Book of Records for the Parish of Natick, to record Parish Affairs in*," pp. 208, 217, 225.
12. Drake, *History of Middlesex County*, Vol. II, page 194.
13. ibid.
14. *Massachusetts Soldiers and Sailors of the Revolutionary War.* (1898.)
15. See an article on this Dana homestead in *Historical Collections of South Natick*, Vol. I, page 86.

16. In this account of Colonel Jones, I have relied mainly on an article entitled, "*Col. John Jones of Dedham and His Paternal Ancestors in America*," written by his grandson, Amos Perry, LL.D., of Providence. It is found in 44 *Historical and Genealogical Register*, page 158. See also, *Descendants of Richard Dana*, by Rev. John Jay Dana.
17. For dates relating to the family of Ephraim Dana, I have accepted Baldwin's *Vital Records of Natick*.
18. *Historical Collections of South Natick*, Vol. I, page 86.
19. Told by Mr. W. K. Dana.
20. For this account of the Portland Rifle Corps and for some other facts regarding old Portland, I am indebted to the *Scrap Book of William Gould* in the Maine Historical Society.
21. It is stated in several popular genealogical works that the first commission signed by the first governor of the State of Maine was that of Notary Public for Luther Dana. I am sorry to disturb such a pretty legend, but it does not seem to be authentic. I am satisfied that Luther Dana was not commissioned as Notary Public by Governor King at any time. The Maine Register, that *vade mecum* of Maine attorneys and officials, does not give Mr. Dana's name among the Notaries during Governor King's administration, and a letter from the Department of State of the State of Maine advises me that no such commission was issued.
22. Little's *Maine Families*, page 1954.
23. Letter from Mr. W. K. Dana to author.
24. An interesting little scrapbook made up of pictures and facts clipped from Portland newspapers, and entitled, "*Old State Street*," by Nathan Gould, is to be found in the Maine Historical Society.
25. *History of the First-Tenth-Twenty-ninth Maine Regiment*, by Major John M. Gould, page 395.
26. *Abraham Lincoln*, by Nicolay and Hay (Century Co., 1890), Vol. VIII, page 286.
27. Gould, page 407.
28. Letter from W. K. Dana to Miss Mary L. Dana, April 3, 1864.
29. Nicolay and Hay, Vol. VIII, page 294.
30. *War Papers* (Thurston Print, Portland), Vol. I, page 183.
31. Gould, page 433.

32. Nicolay and Hay, Vol. VIII, page 299.
33. *War Papers*, page 189.
34. *Mansura Plains.*
35. Nicolay and Hay, Vol. IX, page 306.
36. ibid, page 327.
37. Little's *Maine Families.*
38. If too little stress seem to be laid on the strong personality and the prominence of the ancestors of Mrs. Mary Little Hale Dana in this little book, the writer's one excuse must be that what has been so impartially and appreciatively done by Professor Little is best allowed to stand as the true source of information concerning this family.

    See *Descendants of George Little*, by Professor George T. Little (1882), p. 40. This work is remarkable for its accuracy, completeness and clearness. I have relied upon it without hesitation for facts and dates relating to the Little family. Professor Little suggests that Moses Little had the qualifications for a superior military officer, and, had his health been good, he might have attained great prominence among the Revolutionary heroes. He was highly esteemed by Washington, and served with distinction for many months. It is of particular interest to the present generation that Moses Little, great-great-grandfather of Mrs. W. K. Dana, was officer of the day when Washington assumed command of the Continental Army at Cambridge, and that Ephraim Dana, grandfather of W. K. Dana, was in the ranks on that memorable occasion. Colonel Little was in his fifty-second year at the time, while Ephraim Dana was thirty-one.

    I am indebted to Mrs. George T. Little for the use of the plates of Josiah Little and Edward Little, both of which appeared in her husband's book.
39. Most of the facts set forth in the text concerning the mill were furnished by Mr. Philip Dana, President of Dana Warp Mills. The following additional information was also given by him:

    Mill manufactures cotton yarn and warps with by-product of grain bags; now produces 80,000 pounds of yarn a week running at capacity; employs 500 hands with a weekly payroll of $5,500; makes 55,000 bags a month, or about 22 carloads a year; outside of bags, product is sold entirely to mills for weaving; finest thread made by mill contained 84,000 yards to a pound; width of warps varies from 30″ to 120″.

40. Quoted from Lamb's *Textile Industries of the United States*, Vol. I, page 434, which also furnished the steel engraving of the present plant.

41. From notes supplied by Miss Lilian B. Quinby, Librarian of Walker Memorial Library.

42. The following account from the *Daily Eastern Argus*, of Portland, for July 5, 1917, is so full of interesting facts relating to the monument and its dedication that it is copied here:

DEDICATION OF SOLDIERS AND SAILORS' MONUMENT—LARGE CROWD AT INTERESTING EXERCISES.

Westbrook at last possesses a Soldiers and Sailors' monument, and one which it may well be proud of. For over three years, plans for the erection of such a monument have been under consideration, and the dedication ceremonies of yesterday morning brought to a fitting close the movement started by public-spirited citizens during the Centennial Week in June, 1914. From the very start, the dedication was a success, and the committee in charge of the program are to be complimented on their fine work. At 9 o'clock sharp, the long parade, which formed at Riverbank park, started on its circuit of the city.

The orders in line were: A detail of police, Westbrook City Band, Marshal William H. Holston and staff, 12th Co., M. C. A., the Fire Companies, Society of St. John the Baptist, Society of the Assumption, Wade Camp, S. of V., Cloudman Post, G. A. R., Cloudman Relief Corps, The Monument Committee, the City Government, the speakers, and the clergy of the city. Completing the circuit of the city, the parade returned to Riverbank Park, where the dedication ceremonies took place.

The large crowd that had watched the parade along its line of march had accompanied it to the park, where an equally large crowd was awaiting the commencement of the exercises.

The monument had been draped with large flags during the night and a speakers' stand, also decorated with bunting, erected near it. Settees had been placed in front of this stand and were occupied by the members of Cloudman Post, G. A. R., and the Ladies' Relief Corps.

As soon as the speakers had arrived and the various organizations found their places, Rev. Dorr A. Hudson, pastor of the West End Congregational Church, opened the ceremonies with a short invocation, after which "The Star-Spangled Banner" was sung by Mrs. Georgia Shepard Vaill. Rev. Harry E. Townsend, pastor of the First Universalist Church, and president of the Monument Association, then explained briefly the reasons for the erection of

the monument and introduced as the first speaker, Frank H. Swan, Esq., of Providence, R. I., a son-in-law of Mr. W. K. Dana, and a former resident of this city.

In a fine address, Mr. Swan eulogized the heroes of our past wars, spoke on the seriousness of the present situation, explained fully what the monument should mean to the city, and concluded by presenting the bronze figure to the Monument Association on behalf of Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Dana.

Mr. Dana then spoke briefly and expressed the hope that the monument might prove an inspiration for good in the city. As he finished speaking, the flags concealing the figure and base were released and fell to the ground disclosing the finished monument, the band playing "The Star-Spangled Banner," and the crowd standing with bared heads.

Mrs. Ena Roberts, State President of the Woman's Relief Corps, then accepted the figure for the Monument Association, expressing the thanks of the whole city to Mr. and Mrs. Dana for the generous donation.

After another selection by the band, the Hon. Hugh A. Craigie, treasurer of the Association, presented the monument to the city, giving a complete account of the history of the movement from start to finish.

Mayor O. G. K. Robinson accepted the completed monument in behalf of the city with a few well-chosen words, after which Rev. H. E. Townsend spoke briefly and read the dedication service, the assembled gathering making the responses.

Lincoln's Gettysburg address was then read in a most able manner by William H. Cressey, past commander of Maine Division of the Sons of Veterans.

After another fine solo by Mrs. Vaill, all present sang "America," and the exercises were brought to a close by the benediction, pronounced by the Rev. E. L. Farnsworth, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Considering all the other attractions of the day, an extremely large crowd was on hand, and, despite the intense heat and the discomfort of standing for so long, seemed to enjoy the exercises greatly.

The new monument is certainly a beautiful structure and will add greatly to the Riverbank Park. The bronze figure of the soldier of the Civil War period on the march, his rifle thrown over his shoulder, his coat thrown open by the wind, the typical soldier-boy of '61, ready to sacrifice all for his Country.

The monument committee selected their design well and the figure was modeled by one of the nation's most distinguished sculptors, Alice Ruggles Kitson of Quincy, Mass. The figure was cast in bronze by the Gorham Mfg. Co. of Providence and New

York. The base of the monument is of the finest light Barre granite, the contracting being done by Charles Ames of this city.

On the front and two sides of the base are bronze tablets bearing the following inscriptions respectively:

WESTBROOK
HONORS HER SONS AND DAUGHTERS
WHO STROVE BY THEIR
LOYALTY, SELF-SACRIFICE AND DEVOTION
TO PRESERVE AND CEMENT THE UNION
IN THE DAYS OF THE CIVIL WAR,
1861-65.

The demands for loyalty to our country are as great upon the sons as they were upon the sires. The safety of the Country lies in the intelligence, the moral character, the patriotism of her citizens.

In commemoration of the men of Westbrook, Maine, who served their Country on land and sea in all the wars of the nation.

The figure is eight feet high and the base of the monument 9 feet 6 inches in height, so that the entire structure is 17 feet and 6 inches in height. Westbrook people should thank the Monument Association for the time and effort which it has put into its now completed work, and should themselves be complimented on the willing and cheerful spirit with which they contributed to the erection of the monument which will always stand as a memorial of the brave soldiers of past days who were willing to "do their bit" that the nation might continue to exist.

CHILDREN OF LUTHER DANA AND LOUISA KIDDER DANA

Nathaniel Homer, born October 3, 1829; died April 27, 1861.
Louisa Octavia, born November 11, 1831; died October 7, 1858.
John A. Smith, born October 10, 1833; died May 15, 1913.
Mary Lucretia, born November 16, 1835; died May 25, 1915.
Luther William, born January 28, 1838.
Woodbury Kidder, born June 7, 1840.
Frank Jones, born February 11, 1844.
Samuel Howard, born February 11, 1847.
Henry Osgood, born August 17, 1849; died August 10, 1859.

The dates of birth given above are those found in a memorandum in the handwriting of Louisa Kidder Dana, an explanation deemed wise in view of different dates found in some printed accounts of the family.

CHILDREN OF SAMUEL PICKARD AND SARAH COFFIN PICKARD

I. Josiah Little Pickard
II. Joseph Coffin Pickard
III. Samuel Thomas Pickard
IV. Daniel Webster Pickard

CHILDREN OF SAMUEL PICKARD AND HANNAH LITTLE PICKARD

I. Sarah Little Pickard, born May 4, 1833.
II. Edward Little Pickard, born December 25, 1834.
III. Charles Weston Pickard, born October 28, 1836.
IV. George Henry Pickard, born April 2, 1838.
V. John Pickard, born April 21, 1840.
VI. Horace Chapin Pickard, born December 24, 1841.
VII. Frederick William Pickard, born October 7, 1843.
VIII. Hannah Brown Pickard, born September 13, 1845.
IX. Mary Little Hale Pickard, born January 28, 1849.

For details regarding the above families, see Professor Little's *Descendants of George Little*, from which the above dates are taken.

CHILDREN OF WOODBURY KIDDER DANA AND MARY LITTLE HALE PICKARD DANA

I. Louisa Woodbury, born April 27, 1870.
II. Hannah Little, born August 1, 1872.
III. Philip, born August 3, 1874.
IV. Ethel May, born July 25, 1876.
V. Helen Pickard, born October 19, 1878.
VI. Luther, born November 21, 1880.
VII. Mary Hale, born January 13, 1882.

II. Hannah Little Dana married October 30, 1901, Frank Herbert Swan, son of John Swan, M. D., and Elizabeth (Dutch) Swan, and now resides in Providence, R. I. Children:
1. Woodbury Dana, born November 6, 1902; died April 12, 1909.
2. Elizabeth Dutch, born April 2, 1905.
3. Marshall, born August 25, 1906.
4. Dana Merrill, born February 26, 1908.
5. Frank Herbert, born December 12, 1913.

III. Philip Dana married November 21, 1908, Florence Hinkley, daughter of Rufus Henry Hinkley and Frances Elizabeth (Prindle) Hinkley, and now resides in Westbrook, Maine. Children:
1. Philip, born August 25, 1909.
2. Woodbury Kidder, born December 7, 1911.
3. Howard Hinkley, born January 26, 1914.

V. Helen Pickard Dana married June 16, 1909, Horace Chamberlain Porter, son of Jasper W. Porter and Clara J. (Chamberlain) Porter, and now resides in Pittsburgh, Pa. Children:
1. Mary Pickard, born July 9, 1910.
2. Robert Chamberlain, born February 13, 1912.

VI. Luther Dana married October 10, 1905, Mary Wood Decrow, daughter of William E. Decrow and Lottie A. (Emery) Decrow, and now resides in Westbrook, Maine. Children:
1. Louise, born November 18, 1906.
2. Mary Woodbury, born April 5, 1911.
3. Charlotte Emery, born January 24, 1914; died October 23, 1915.

VII. Mary Hale Dana married June 7, 1906, Edward Farrington Abbott, son of Jacob Jackson Abbott and Jennie (Farrington) Abbott, and now resides in Auburn, Maine. Children:
1. Helen Dana, born February 22, 1907.
2. Margaret Farrington, born February 22, 1907.
3. Edward Farrington, born January 4, 1909.
4. Ruth Livingston, born October 25, 1913.
5. Luther Dana, born December 3, 1915.

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